

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {  
VOLUME XXX.

No. 3210—Jan. 13, 1906.

{ FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCXLVIII.

## CONTENTS.

I.	A Peasants' Meeting in Russia. <i>By Bernard Pares</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	67
II.	An Examination in English Literature: With Some Select Blunders. <i>By the Rev. Canon Beeching</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	79
III.	Ell th' Fiddler. <i>By C. L. Antrabus</i>	TEMPLE BAR	85
IV.	Ariosto. <i>By W. J. Courthope</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	91
V.	The Duke Pays. Chapter II. The Equerry and Mr. Inchcape. <i>By W. E. Cule</i> (To be continued.)	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	105
VI.	Charles Fox at Brooks's. <i>By Hedley Bristowe</i>	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	109
VII.	The First and Last of the Pre-Raphaelites.	LONDON TIMES	117
VIII.	Forbidden Marriages and International Law: Some Anomalies. <i>By Alfred Fellows</i>	MONTHLY REVIEW	121
IX.	The Final Stave of "A Christmas Carol."	PUNCH	124
A PAGE OF VERSE			
X.	In That Hour. <i>By May Doney</i>		66
XI.	The Barley. <i>By Violet Jacob</i>	OUTLOOK	66
XII.	The Blackbird. <i>By Will H. Ogilvie</i>	SPECTATOR	66
BOOKS AND AUTHORS			127



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the U. S. or Canada.

Postage to foreign countries in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## IN THAT HOUR.

Dear! in this unfamiliar hour when  
 you,  
 By Death disrobed of all your mortal  
 dress,  
 First put on as a garment loveliness,  
 And feel a tireless vigor through and  
 through,  
 I wonder, do you wish me near to view  
 The radiant beauties round you, and  
 confess  
 Within your heart the shadow of dis-  
 tress  
 Because the Angel did not call me too?  
 My Darling, I, who ever asked that  
 ill,  
 Though shackling all my joys, might  
 let you be,  
 Am praying that a strange, new  
 want of me,  
 And eager as my own desire, may  
 thrill  
 Your soul with transient longings,  
 ere Christ fill  
 Your hands with blisses that I can-  
 not see.

*May Doney.*

## THE BARLEY.

The grain stands bonny where the  
 cliffs are sheer  
 And the blue North Sea is sleeping;  
 The stooks are yellow in a golden ear  
 With their shadows inward creeping.  
 The tide lies silent on the sands below  
 And the autumn mists hang early  
 To fade in heaven o'er the distant row  
 Of the long red roofs beyond the  
 barley.  
 O late last harvest-time, when days  
 were long,  
 Worked men and maids by the stead-  
 ing;  
 And gulls sailed landward in a scream-  
 ing throng,  
 To the river pastures heading.  
 Soft was the footstep that beside me  
 trod  
 In the dew of morning early,  
 For Love walked there beneath the  
 smile of God  
 And the high blue sky above the  
 barley.

The stalks fall mellow to the sweeping  
 blade  
 With their weeds laid shorn beside  
 them,  
 And eyes meet stealthily as lad and  
 maid  
 Glance over where the stooks divide  
 them;  
 But mine turn ever while I work alone  
 Through the long day, late and early,  
 To a low mound lying by a standing  
 stone  
 Where the wall shuts out the barley—  
 Where the Nether Kirk is gray,  
 Janet,  
 By the long blue sea beyond the barley.

*Violet Jacob.**The Outlook.*

## THE BLACKBIRD.

I wandered through the twilit grove;  
 The cedars shook with fluttering  
 wings,  
 Where, startled from their perch above  
 A hundred brown half-sleeping  
 things  
 Went tumbling down from bough to  
 bough  
 In sudden strange alarm enthralled:  
 A flitting shadow crossed Night's brow  
 And then—an English blackbird  
 called.

It came, a silver trumpet-blast  
 Of challenge from forgotten years,  
 A clarion-call from boyhood's past  
 Of buds and blossoms, smiles and  
 tears;  
 Once more I plucked the lilac bloom  
 And watched the dipping swifts go  
 by.—  
 Ah! but an exile's heart has room  
 To hold an English blackbird's cry!

The birds went slowly back to sleep,  
 A dark cloud crossed the quarter-  
 moon,  
 And o'er my heart a shade as deep  
 Fell slow—and will not lift so soon!  
 There is no English heart God made,  
 No shore from England so remote,  
 But heart will fill and land will fade  
 Before an English blackbird's note!

*Will H. Ogilvie, Iowa, U.S.A.**The Spectator.*

## A PEASANTS' MEETING IN RUSSIA.

The French National Assembly of 1789 could count on no direct material support, and only on a very indirect moral support, until the taking of the Bastille, which definitely ranged Paris on the side of the revolution. What Paris meant to the France of that time is no more than what the peasants mean to the Russia of to-day. The peasants are ninety per cent. of the population of Russia, and there is no Russian who does not admit that "they will say the last word." What will that word be? No one who has any real knowledge of the peasants will pretend to foretell. Nor have we any right to expect that the answer will be a definite "Yes" or "No" to any particular question. Dismissing the Poles, Finns, and other non-Russian nationalities, we are still confronted with the greatest variety of knowledge or ignorance, enterprise or laziness, within the central Governments of Russia, which have for some time been the chief subject of study for the present writer. But one thing is obvious to all: various as may be the circumstances of different districts, the peasants were always a kind of close corporate family. The silly, shallow little official, who goes through the country saying "Listen" (which means obey), and who never makes any effort himself to listen to the great voice that whispers all around him, yet feels by instinct that it is there, and boldly ventures to quote it as a chorus of approval of himself. The Government has tried in certain suburban riots to see the almighty hand of the Russian peasant rising in defence of its own inexcusable blunders. And it was perfectly clear to the members of the Moscow Congress of July 19th and 21st that they also must appeal to the peasants in the cause of reform.

After the Congress, the members returned to their respective districts. The local Zemstva were thus inspired to hold "consultations" with representatives of all classes. More interesting, however, than the consultations was the attitude of the peasants when discussing their own questions at their own meetings. I was aware that such a discussion would take place in the canton of Pryamukhino, when the local representatives of all the villages of the canton would be summoned, in the ordinary course of Government business, to elect their cantonal elder for the next three years.

In default of a higher average of information in England, a word must here be said about the most elementary facts of the life of the Russian peasant. Land belongs not to individual peasants but to the village as a whole. It can be redivided every twelve years at the wish of a majority of two-thirds. This and all other local questions, such as the incidence of taxation, are settled by village meetings, consisting of the Heads of Houses, where age naturally has a predominance. A decision which carries a majority of two-thirds is, by the law of the Empire, a legal "sentence" of the village. The village elects its own village elder, who is responsible for the calling of meetings; and at certain seasons (*e.g.*, that of hay-making) these meetings take place as often as once a week. Many villages are united in a canton,<sup>1</sup> which is ruled by a cantonal elder, similarly elected by the chosen representatives of all the villages of the canton. The cantonal clerk is nominated by the Government, but the cantonal judges, all of whom

<sup>1</sup> Say of the area of a small English "hundred."

are peasants, are elected by the cantonal assembly. This system of local government represents only the peasants; no members of other classes can attend the meetings.<sup>2</sup> But the Government has latterly exercised a very direct influence on them. During the reactionary reign of Alexander III. there was created an establishment of salaried Land Captains, that is country gentlemen who superintend the peasants' meetings and law courts, and can practically direct or cancel the decisions of either. A Land Captain often controls more than one canton. One of these Land Captains recently said to his peasants: "I am your Tsar and I am your God."

In the northern of the central governments the soil is "grey," that is, only moderately fertile. Since the emancipation, forty years ago, there have been most remarkable developments of enterprise and a corresponding increase of the population. The peasants' "lot" has therefore been further and further subdivided. The Zemstva have done what they could to relieve the pressure by encouraging household industries, but the peasants have found their own solution rather in regular emigration to the big towns. However, a "go-away" or emigrant peasant is a very different person from his English counterpart. He continues to pay his share of the village taxes; he generally returns to the country every year for Easter or for the harvest; he usually marries in his own village; and in old age he often goes back to the land of which he has thus continued to be a part-proprietor, preparing the succession of his town "place" for a son or nephew. Thus there is a constant connection between the town and the country life; and a "Radical" has told me that without this connection propaganda amongst the peasants would have been impossible.

<sup>2</sup> In Russia every man's class is registered. Maxim Gorky is in law a peasant.

On the other side the country instincts of patience and good order have the strongest moderating influence over the life of the capitals; in Moscow there are half a million peasants, and a priest there told me that he had to do more exclusively with this class than could have been the case in almost any country parish.

In the Government of Yaroslavl I have often seen houses which might have belonged to retired merchants, and which were really the country villas of enriched peasants. In the Torzhok district (Government of Tver) some forty per cent. of the adult males have at some time worked either in St. Petersburg or in Moscow, generally the first. The cantonal village of Pryamukhino, situated in this district, is twenty miles from the railway: but if a large number of "go-aways" were amongst its representatives, there was in this nothing artificial; for they were all at the time of the meetings country peasants of this canton. And so complete is the consequent union of town and country in this part, that it was only by a succession of shadings that one could notice the difference between "go-away" and "stay-at-homes."

In front of the cantonal court-house are gathered some one hundred and fifty village representatives, surrounding a table on which stands the cantonal clerk. The broad grassy village street is lined on both sides with peasant men and women sitting at their doors in their Sunday dress. All eyes turn anxiously to my approaching pair of horses. The Land Captain is momentarily expected. Ordinarily he attends the cantonal elections; and, if he is not here to-day, it is either that he is afraid or that he is gathering force in order to interfere.

The clerk is a tall young man with clear skin, regular features and peculiarly sad eyes. No one knows where

he comes from: he is said not to be a peasant or even a Russian. "He is a chance one, an arrival, an inhabitant, a superfluous one."<sup>3</sup> He has got wrong with the Land Captain and is likely to be soon dismissed ("set free") from office. This Land Captain enjoys but little credit here; he is said to move the clock to 10 a.m. even after mid-day, or whenever he wakes up and comes to attend the court-house for his magisterial sessions. He has abused even the cantonal elder like a cabman: "Of course he has a right to execute his orders, but he has no right to revile us like a flock of sheep." He has given instructions that outside matters are not to be discussed, but the village policeman is an interested member of the audience.

Around the clerk is a mixed group. A., who has been elected chairman, is a "go-away": he looks like an intelligent tradesman and wears a dark blue shirt and a great-coat with a velvet collar: he speaks with authority. D. is the only "gentleman" here, but he looks more like a peasant than many of the peasants; he has knocked about amongst the people all his life; he is a short, stumpy man, much like a factory hand, with clean-shaven, practical face, bullet head and yellow hair; though he neither speaks nor votes, he helps to keep the attention of the meeting for the speakers.

The clerk, in an easy, conversational voice, reads extracts from newspapers, notably from the Liberal "Son of the Fatherland." Each extract bears on the failure of the present *personnel* of Government. That which Alexander III. did is contrasted with what Alexander II. "wanted to do." The censorship does not allow the publication of the Emperor's speech to the delegates

<sup>3</sup>All these words are used by my informant in irony of the Government plan which defines each man's occupation and origin on paper, thus leaving no place for those who are outside the official definitions.

of the Zemstva and the towns: therefore the censorship claims to be above the Emperor. A police-corporal "accused a peasant of making an attempt to buy a newspaper": therefore the police-corporal claims to be above the censorship. Instances of the arbitrariness of Land Captains excite the comment, "We've got that too." "The peasants of Chernigoff Government," says another extract, "when summoned to discuss their needs on a Government Commission, have refused to accept the direction of the Governor, and have stated that their real needs are the abolition of Land Captains and other superfluous officials, the regulation of taxes, and facilities for acquiring more land." The attitude of the listeners is betrayed by humorous comments; one peasant, seeing me look solemn, says, "That's not the parson reading, it's the clerk." Between the extracts there are short intervals of keen, but quite orderly, discussion amongst the audience. During these intervals the different groups of opinion find their affinities; a small number of the older ones gradually get together and argue vigorously against the others. The last extract is the appeal of the Zemstva to the people. When the clerk stops reading, one says "No proof," and another, "It seems to be sedition"; but these are in a small minority.

The young peasant R. now takes charge of the meeting. He is rather a puny man of about thirty, with incipient beard and a look of the townee about him, but a good deal of the peasant too. There is something sympathetic in his rather feminine face and manner; though his voice is high and at times even screechy, he conveys a suggestion of "pluck," and his clear and moderate explanations succeed in keeping the meeting together. The members cry, "On to the table," and he mounts and reads the address which he proposes for the adoption of the as-

sembly. Sometimes, in his comments, he presses his points too far, but, by a sure instinct, he avoids any offence to traditional feelings, particularly to that of loyalty.

He begins:—

1905, July 31 (our August 13). We, the peasants elected to the cantonal assembly from the village societies of the canton of Pryamukhino in the Novorozhok district of Tver—on the foundation of the Imperial Manifesto of Feb. 18, 1905, by which it is allowed to the village and cantonal assemblies, to the town councils, and to the Zemstvo assemblies to express their needs—have resolved to declare to all who love their country, who value the interests of the people and who genuinely want to amend the existing imperial order of things, that to go on with our former life is impossible.

The Russian peasantry, during all the time of the existence of the State, has never seen bright days. It has worked, and works, unremittingly for the glory and power of Russia.\* The strength of the Russian Monarchy, its riches, schools, law-courts, officials, troops—all this is nourished by the ploughs of the peasantry, and in return for all this, here is what the peasantry possesses:—

The peasants have a miserable culture and little bits of land; the gloom of ignorance and immorality, like a dark night, surrounds the peasants on all sides; over the peasants has been set a warden, the Land Captain; the peasants are crushed by taxes;† they are forbidden to speak freely about their needs; the peasants are driven off from their districts, without any wish of their own, to fight in the Far East. But indeed the peasants too, like other people, want light and freedom, and have a right to a better life. Therefore we must discuss and decide:—

All wait to hear further. There fol-

\* Notice that these peasants claim the fullest corporate interest in their country.

† This appears to have been exaggerated.

‡ e.g., the best paper in Russia, the *Russian*

low nine points, each beginning with an explanation of the need in question, and ending with a "demand"; for R., like the Zemstva congress, declares, with the general assent, that the time for "petitions" is passed. R. offers to read all the points through *en bloc*, or to discuss each separately; the meeting declares for doing both, which is the most business-like way.

[Point 1.] The peasants are hampered in instruction: in our schools there is no free and sensible teaching; for our children the higher teaching is inaccessible; good books and newspapers are not allowed to reach us;‡ we are deprived of the right to take part in the business of education. We wish to know more: we want really to teach our children.

And therefore we demand full freedom and access, as to lower, so to secondary and higher instruction: freedom for the opening of schools, libraries, and educational societies: and that the affair of public instruction should be handed over to representatives elected from the people.

Surely it is significant that the first demand should be for instruction. This at once stamps the movement as one of reform, and shows up these peasants in the most pleasing contrast to the negative egotism of such men as M. Pobyedonostseff, who have done everything to limit education in order that ignorance may still leave themselves in power. In such a case, no sincere Englishman can be in any doubt as to his sympathy. It is quite true that everything has been done to hinder free instruction; all subjects which made people think were almost debarred wherever possible, and we can all clearly understand why the present *personnel* of Government do not wish that Russians should think; for that, in

*Gazette*, may not be sold on the streets, but can only be supplied to subscribers, or sold at book-stalls.

the glorious language of Chatham, would "reduce the ministers to that insignificance for which God and Nature designed them."

None of the members showed any surprise at the place allotted to this demand, which though neither selfish nor hysterical, was a very real and wide one. It was at once adopted without discussion.

[Point 2.] On the peasants, as on other people, lie obligations of paying taxes, and performing military and other services. The peasants, like other people, create by their blistered hands the riches of Russia. But the same rights as other people the peasants do not possess. The peasants cannot, without the agreement of the Land Captain, decide their domestic, agricultural or social affairs. Peasants have a special law-court. Peasants have no right of freely migrating to other places.

We do not wish to live in such a state of slavery and bondage, and demand the abolition of distinctions of class and the establishment of a common criminal and civil code for all, and the abolition of the office of Land Captain.

There was a long elucidation of the phrase "blistered hands," which was evidently a little too rhetorical for the taste of the audience; the riches of Russia, R. explained, consist of farthings wrung from the labor of the peasant, and this labor raises blisters. The allusion to the Land Captains received vigorous approval all around. There was no enthusiasm in favor of the village law-courts. The class-distinctions are already ceasing to exist of themselves, except on the Government paper; and the whole point was heartily accepted, by an instinct which is the best tradition of Russian history, the instinct of solidarity. If this change is ever realized the system of close compartments—the system of "*divide et impera*"—will fall of itself; and this claim comes with

greater significance at a time when the Government rests its hopes for crushing the Zemstva upon this class from which the present demand has come.

[Point 3.] Taxes of every kind crush the peasants terribly. The peasants do not get quit of the unjust dues to the Treasury for the redemption of land from the estate holders. The apportioned land of the peasants, on which the tax has been laid, cannot even feed their families.

We are no longer able to pay the taxes, and therefore demand the abolition of indirect taxes, the return of the payments for redemption, and the replacing of the land tax by a tax on income and capital.

Here a long explanation is required. One peasant asks where the money of the State is to come from. R. explains that if you have none you cannot give it, but that by this plan the State will receive its funds precisely and in proportion from those who have money to give. It is natural that this simple freedom of enterprise should be claimed at a moment of general liberation. The members listen intelligently, and accept this point as a natural part of a scheme which meets with their general approval.

[Point 4.] The peasants have from old times been engaged in agricultural work. They have got used to it, and have adapted themselves to it. But of land the peasants have very little. The land is divided into very small strips, or is not all of one piece, and in some parts is also very far from the villages. With such a lack of land amongst the fundamental tillers of the soil—the peasants—we notice that there is in the State an abundance of lands of private owners, of the Crown, of the appanages, of the monasteries, of the Church, which is either worked by the hired labor of us peasants, or is let out to us on lease, or lies altogether useless.

Such injustice must be abolished, and we demand the conversion of the lands

of private owners, of the Crown, of the appanages, the monasteries and the Church, into property of the State for proportionate distribution between the peasants and all who wish to engage in agricultural work.

This point, with No. 2, was the main body of the special demand of the peasants, and excited the liveliest interest. It is very widely felt, and not only amongst the peasants, that the gifts of land made at the time of the Emancipation were largely illusory. For instance, the land-owners naturally got rid of the worst of their land, and in some cases of as little of it as possible. Some appear to have aimed at making the "lots" of the peasant inconvenient, in order still to keep up a kind of moral dependence on themselves.<sup>7</sup> The distance of village land from the village is a very real grievance. It must be remembered that the Emancipation settlement was, as an arrangement made by the possessors, on the whole very generous; but also that the state of things established by it was acknowledged to be experimental and is only of forty years' standing: in fact the payments for redemption to the Government are not yet complete, though the land-owners have long ago received all the sums due to them.<sup>8</sup> The land question is now seriously entertained and discussed by men of all classes and shades of opinion, and I will quote the opinion of a moderately liberal land-owner:—

The forest land of the Crown could not be divided up without loss to the State as a whole; but both from the immense appanages and from the estates of private owners, land could easily be detached, against compensation by the State to the former owners. The village societies should be abol-

ished, and the peasant should become a propertied small farmer: the peasants would then throw themselves on to the land and make far more of it than they have hitherto been able to do; but there would be always a number of peasants morally incapable of independent husbandry, and therefore willing to work on the somewhat diminished estates of the present land holders. The country is not at present producing anything like the results which it should.

The present demand goes much further; but it will be noticed that the test proposed is not one of absolute equality nor of restriction to the peasant class, but rather of employment in agriculture, and that "proportion" is at least vaguely mentioned. The State could continue to pay out of its taxes for any profitable work which was done for it, *e.g.*, in the army, in schools or in hospitals. I do not think that the members fully comprehended the scope of the proposal. The need of land is not so acutely felt where there are many "go-aways"; and it was rather in a generous spirit of sympathy for the more purely agricultural "black country"<sup>9</sup> that the demand was accepted, and then rather as part of a general scheme of emancipation.

[Point 5.] The peasants would long ago have expressed their needs; but the Government, by police means, as by iron chains, has crushed the freedom of speech of Russian people. We are deprived of the right of speaking openly of our needs: we cannot read the truthful word about the needs of the people. Not wishing to be any longer slaves without a voice, we demand freedom of speech, of meeting, of association, and of the Press.

At this point the meeting was being

but was theirs in hereditary usufruct, in return for certain services to the State, which after a time ceased.

<sup>9</sup> The south centre of Russia. Pryamukhino is in the north centre.

<sup>7</sup> *e.g.*, by blocking off the peasants from the necessary supplies of water.

<sup>8</sup> It may be here explained that the land was never finally the property of the land owners,

guided into a further solidarity with the Zemstva scheme of reform. The indictment against slavery cannot be said to have aroused any strong excitement, but met with no kind of protest: apart from the language employed, the statement seemed to the meeting to be true enough. As R. explained the demand, "We must be free to talk of our needs, to meet to discuss them, to join together for satisfying them, to get them made public." "Quite right" (*Pravilno*, "In order"), said some, and the point was at once adopted.

[Point 6.] Supporting the working class as our brothers, as a class struggling for the rights of the people,

We demand, together with them, the introduction of an eight hours' working day in all factories, works and industrial undertakings; and freedom of strikes.

This point is peculiarly interesting, in virtue of the character of the district of Novotorzhök. The solidarity of this district with the factory hands is just as natural and real as its care for the interests of the more purely agricultural parts of Russia. In other words, we have here a natural link between town and country, working up from the soil towards a more genuine union between all sections of the nation. But it would be the greatest mistake to imagine that the claims of factory men would arouse the same interest in all parts of the country. Even here the understanding of the needs of others was only incipient. The more countrified peasants had no sense of the seriousness of the question of an eight hours' day and all the economic questions involved by it, and were ready to accept it without discussion as part of a general plan. As to the right of strike, A. found it neces-

sary to make a long explanation,<sup>10</sup> at the end of which a "stay-at-home" exclaimed to himself, "It's clear; a strike means that they won't work for that pay and will get more." No question of loyalty was involved; for the opponent is in this case the factory owner—a private person, and often a foreigner. The point was accepted without difficulty.

[Point 7.] For the regular and speedy satisfaction of all the above-named needs,

We demand the summoning of national representatives on the basis of universal, equal, direct and secret electoral rights.

The introduction to this article connects the needs of all and each with the general programme of the great Liberal Party. This programme, though it commands the almost unanimous support of the Zemstva, does not emanate from the peasants at all. The explanation of this point is therefore of the character of propaganda and necessarily lengthy. R. is careful to put all blame for past mismanagement on to the ministers and the bureaucracy. These have made so many mistakes, that none of the "old-fashioned" can find words or inclination to defend them. One cries out, "We want one master of the house," but there is no echo: it is quite generally felt that the master is not master even in his own palace. In other times it may have been enough simply to appeal to the instinct of sheer obedience, without any explanation, but just now those who would speak so feel that the ground has gone from beneath them and that there are no listeners: so that they are half-ashamed of the sound of their own voices. On the other hand, no one showed any disrespect of Russian tra-

<sup>10</sup> At present a strike is legally a violent rupture of an engagement, and is punishable accordingly. Many masters would prefer to

fight out their own questions with their employees, without the constant interference of the Government inspectors.

dition, and the Emperor was not mentioned at all. R. supported this point with a vigorous and half plaintive plea for solidarity amongst those who wish to fight the great forces of inertia.

"The men who want reform," he said, "are that" (extending all his fingers), "but the village assembly is this" (bringing them all together). "The villages are that" (the same gesture), "and the canton is this; the cantons are that, and the district is this; the district is that and the province is this; the provinces are that; and there, somewhere in the capital, the National Assembly is this." The recurrence of the same gestures was like the telling monotony of a peasant song, and the burden throughout was order, loyalty, standing together.

A more detailed lesson is required on the manner of election; the tone of propaganda here becomes more pronounced, and there is more of begging the question, the proposers seeming to become more separate from their audience and more identified with the ordinary Russian "intelligence."<sup>11</sup> "Universal" suffrage is explained as including all nationalities; for when the Russian is a "citizen" instead of a "subject," he cannot possibly have "subjects" of his own. It includes women; the extreme daring of giving votes to Russian peasant women does not excite even a comment. Class-representation is condemned off-hand, with what is after all not a bad reason: "Let's vote once for all and have done with it"; for every complication makes the interference of the officials more easy and the maintenance of the public interest more difficult. "Equality of vote" already exists in the village assemblies; and it is doubtful whether any other definition is practically applicable. The proposers are not in favor of any property qualification. The word "se-

<sup>11</sup> The word used to describe the educated classes.

cret" alone arouses suspicion, and R. explains that they may think a certain candidate unsuitable and yet may not wish to hurt his feelings by saying so: the possibility of outside influence is never even mentioned as an argument for secrecy. The members show a general interest in the whole article, an interest at once uninformed and intelligent; and I could not help thinking that soon the Conservatives will also have to abandon their cocksure appeal to power and to organize themselves on the basis of free speech and consultation. Amidst growing disorder on the side of the few "old-fashioned" ones, the point is carried by a great majority.

[Point 8.] The present war, ruinous for the people, was begun by the Government without our consent, and we peasants cannot endure with indifference that hundreds and thousands of our brothers, and millions of the money of the people's labor, are ruined in the war.

And therefore we demand the speedy cessation of the bloody and suicidal war.

Opinions must be as they please about the Russian patriotism and the Russian way of looking at the war; but I must say that, as far as I know, I was the only Englishman travelling through the country districts this summer to study the Russian Reform Movement, and that, from what I saw elsewhere, I was not in the least surprised to find that this point gave rise to real dissension: so real that the original draft of Point 8 had to be materially altered before it could carry the necessary majority of two-thirds. The "old-fashioned" ones at once seemed to be more numerous and more vigorous: with violent gestures they cried out against what they considered dictation on a point of Imperial policy. One typical old peasant, sedate and white-bearded, a former cantonal elder and a

member of the Zemstvo, not betraying his annoyance, left the meeting; probably, to complain to the Land Captain. In fact the practical unanimity of the assembly was in serious danger: a storm of voices raged round R., who held his own with courage and with moderation. That the war was unpopular, was un-national, was never questioned; but training and instinct forbade the meeting to tolerate dictation to the Emperor on a cardinal point of foreign policy. The "old-fashioned" almost seemed to be organizing themselves into a separate meeting; a hero of Port Arthur, a big man with full and rather sensual face, wandered about, haranguing half to himself, in a loud, beery voice, with the refrain, "I stood for Russia at Port Arthur as I do here too." Yet even now the variety in the long run only served to bring out the oneness of the picture: old men almost barked at R., who waved his hands and cried ineffectively, "Go away, go away!" A. spoke long, but with little result. D. alone seemed to hold his own naturally. The proposers now limited their pretensions. They explained, over and over again, that they now asked, not that the question should be settled here, but that it should be referred to that National Assembly, which ought to have been responsible for the undertaking of the war. This at last silenced counter-argument; already it was noticed that many of the "old-fashioned" were coming round to the view of the others. At this moment the proposers gave another proof of the strength, closeness and purpose of the reform movement. It is no news to those who have seen that there is an abundance of parliamentary ability in Russia. The proposers suggested an adjournment for the election of the cantonal elder, which, as we shall remember, was nominally the main business of the meeting. They thus secured a long interval for private

conversations and also an immediate test of the strength of the opposing factions; for their candidate for the eldership was the youthful R. himself. They also thus reminded the meeting that already, by an Imperial decree of long standing, it possessed a beginning of electoral rights.

The Land Captain is often present at these elections, which he in many cases directs after his own fashion. In his absence the clerk presided at the ballot-box, which was covered with a rough cloth for secrecy. The retiring elder, originally elected only as a second choice, begged to be excused re-election. He was not spared; his name was proposed and received a very meagre minority of votes. There were six other candidates, and the voting proceeded with animation but with gravity. It is a work of some hours, for each man must be balloted separately, "Yes" or "No" being said by each member to each candidate.

The public tea-room is full of little parties, talking intimately like groups of a great family. Peasants pass into and out of the court-house. The warrior "Arthur" tells me of his exploits, and of how he was decorated with the George by Kondraténko himself. After all, he has plenty of complaints to make, especially against Alexéyeff. At last G., who has stepped out on to the green, suddenly returns with the news that the cantonal elder has been chosen; it is R., and he has 121 votes to 28. The second candidate of the reform group has 80 votes and the third 65. These are the first three.

While further local business is proceeding, I am invited through a passage into a little back corner room, where some nineteen of the most intelligent members discuss matters over their pipes. This is the best part of the whole day. Those who are in closest sympathy with reform, some "go-aways," and some "stay-at-homes," all

shrewd and several witty, sit with legs crossed, talking intimately like the sons of a large family in the smoking-room. Something like the same heartiness was to be noticed at the Moscow Congress; but here the company is more of a piece, has more of a common understanding, and, unexpected though it may be, has more solidarity and sense; altogether there is less talk, and less of the talk is in the air.

"As to the troops," says B., a big country peasant, "the thing to do, if they are quartered on us, is to say, 'Tea is served, dear boy' (Golúbchik), and make your soldier one of your family. The Cossack has a conscience: there is no man who has not; and if he uses his whip and kills people off, it is because they make him drunk and cry, 'Hit them! Hit them!' As soon as it is over he's thoroughly ashamed of himself. He has been like a beast and knows it; but we must treat him like a man. Can he possibly set about beating and killing, if you have made a guest of him and he has eaten your food?"

This provokes a smile of understanding, and I think of the old saying, "What are you to do when the extinguisher catches fire?" D., in a few, short, simple sentences, tells of his work of famine relief in the Samara Government: he worked for a private charitable organization and had the permission of the Governor: he thus found himself in competition with the Red Cross and all its officials; on the complaint of these, the Governor received instructions from St. Petersburg and ordered D. to leave the Government. D. went away and entered the same district from another side. "It would seem," he said, "that they would like to stop you from saving your brothers from starvation."

"I know of a plan," says X., another countryman, "which will prevent them from taking my last horse in payment

of taxes: I should enter myself on the list of the starving."

A. again explains that the war was not begun by the people and that the people have the right of saying whether it is to go on.

"And if we say it must," adds M., "then it will be our affair, and we shall do our best really to make Russia win, and not simply to find jobs for those who are in favor."

"Or to pay," says A., "for seventy admirals, in a fleet which does not exist."

My horny-handed neighbor thinks that a national representation will make the Government far stronger. There is, in fact, nothing anarchical in all this talk: these people understand solid order and responsibility better than many suppose.

"They think," says the rustic and clever-looking P., "that the peasant is not ripe for responsibility; even the Zemstva have this at the back of their heads: the truth is, we have got past it. So it was in the French Revolution;<sup>12</sup> men thought that the peasants were not ripe and found that they had gone past it."

Some dissent from this very true statement, not because they think it untrue, but because they do not wish to identify themselves with French revolutionaries; yet it is quite true that reform is coming rather too late than too early.

The conversation drifts to the schools and the Church.

"They don't give us schools," says B., "because we ought to think it right that we should starve and be miserable: perhaps we might learn to think differently, and that would not suit them: what they want to teach us is to have no needs at all."

"The church schools," says S., "only teach us to be good boys: we are to

<sup>12</sup> I here note that wherever the best books are allowed to reach the people, such as Púshkin, Gógol, Dostoyévsky and Tolstói, they are widely read.

know the names of the feast days and of famous churches and what is meant by each bit of the priest's dress, and then we are finished, and we are little angels."

"In the other world," says B., "they tell us that we shall have it all back and be little tsars: now we have only got to be patient: but that means to be patient while they live on us,—while Kuropatkin has £14,000 a year," while the ministers give places to their friends, while the Land Captains get £400 a year for stopping us from doing anything. One cannot help admiring Parson's talk; he is wonderfully clever at making fools of us. We ourselves wonder, after it is over, how he has done it: but meanwhile the money still goes into their pockets."

"Do you know," says A., "how much money the church has? It is seven millions."

"That," says P., "is three hundred and twenty-six puds (over thirteen thousand pounds weight) of solid gold," and he makes a gesture as if he were trying to carry it.

"Metropolitan Antonius," A. goes on, "said that the church would give its last kopek for the war: and how much have they given? Ten thousand pounds."

"It's very nice," says Y., "to be angels; but our ambitions are not so high as that: they are a little lower to begin with, that is, on this earth; we will resign the being angels for the present."

"We should like," says J., "to begin the kingdom of Heaven here," and, using the simile of the Russian dinner which always begins with snacks eaten at the sideboard, he adds with a brilliant smile, "we should like to stand up and have a foretaste (Zakusit:—lit. 'have a first bite.')

At this there is a general laugh and all rise. A. seizes the occasion to make a set speech:—

"Togo is said to receive about £600 a year.

"For two thousand years," he says, "all this has gone on: for two thousand years the bells have called to church and the creed of Jesus Christ has been talked of: for two thousand years they have been drawing money for it, but they have never yet got to the carrying of it out. The old pilgrim women still hold out their hands: and we still give our farthings to them, and that is how these people have got their seven millions. Now what we should do is this: we should tell Parson that we have no need of separate services for each of us: we will have common prayer, and we will pay him only for that: he will get from each not three hundred kopeks in the year but thirty."

"From each soul?"

"No, from each family."

A. is more foreign to this atmosphere than some of the others; but he is listened to with interest. The whole party now adjourns for tea.

Here I am set next to P. I am glad to hear his opinion of the hooligans who have been several times encouraged by the police to attack the reformers. The Zemstva often talk nervously of the "black gang." Lately, a number of hooligans attacked some of the best of the gentry of their neighborhood: Cossacks freed the gentry from the hooligans, but then began to practise their loaded whips on the backs of the gentry: the Emperor in his complete ignorance of the situation is said to have remarked that "revolution must be repressed, but mob violence must be restricted." My friend P. holds a saner view.

"The hooligans," he says, "are simply the refuse of town squalor: perhaps they will act politically for money in the towns, but we have not the slightest reason to be afraid of them; they will never come out to us, and if they did, it would be of no use to them." When this basis of reform exists elsewhere in the intelligence and confi-

dence of the peasants, the cause is won.

P. and D. are quite anxious as to my good opinion of their proceedings and of the hopes of their cause. I tell them that in my opinion all depends upon the instinct of order in the peasant: one extreme calls forth another; and, if the mistakes of recent policy are to be answered by violence, I consider that the result will be reaction and delay of reform. My remarks on orderliness meet with the fullest acceptance: "Yes, that is what we are doing, and what we are going to do"; and if all the movement is to be as orderly as this day's meeting, the claim is fair enough.

We walk back to the place of meeting in the late summer evening. The Land Captain has not appeared: if he had come he could hardly have done more than sit down and listen. Very few of the members have gone, hard as is the strain of spending your one holiday in the week on questions of this moment. All the village seems to be still sitting expectantly in festal attire along the broad grassy street. The members are talking quietly, but with restrained excitement, outside the court-house. The cantonal judges have been elected: the local budget of administration has been settled. The eighth point has been revised to the intent that "the question of prolonging or ending the war must be left to the elected national assembly"; and this solution seems to satisfy almost everyone.

Point 9 has been adopted without dissent. It runs thus:—

The peasant has many enemies; and he has not a few friends. Our friends tried, and are now, too, trying to show the peasants why they are suffering, who is their enemy, and how they must defend their interests. This kind of enlightened and holy action of our friends did not please our persecutors; and that is why we do not now see many of the champions of freedom and

right here with us. They pine in prisons and in Siberia, and as convicts. They are not with us; but we remember them, tortured and suffering:

And we will demand: full pardon of all exiles and prisoners who have suffered for the rightful cause of the people.

The last point is somehow in harmony with the evening hour: it comes with telling unanimity after the profitable discussions of the day, and it is a final ratifying of the general agreement that the recent measures of repression have been a complete mistake.

The revision of the draft is at last finished: the pale anxious clerk comes out with it: there is a cry of "On to the table." The table is put beneath the open window of the court-house; a lamp is held out of the window; R., in clean shirt and belted, stands in his new dignity beside the clerk and occasionally helps him out with the deciphering of the hastily written draft. The peasants have told R. that he must rule them in the sense of his proposals: and if the Land Captain," as is his legal right, selects the second candidate for the office, then they are disposed to refuse payment of salary and to hunt his nominee out. Around this "Champs de Mal" of ancient origin are the trees, the fields and the natural growth of the land, the people (na-rod).

The draft now begins with a short practical statement of the local business of the meeting; it then proceeds: "In view of the general situation of the country, the members have thought right to make the following resolutions." The nine points are finally read through, and each is again accepted by the meeting: the eighth point, as now amended, is greeted with cries of "Right, right." I believe that if all were begun again, there would be much more discussion of detail; but that again would be a step forward.

At the end of the reading there is a

<sup>14</sup> The Land Captain may choose between the first of the elected candidates.

last demonstration from the dwindling section of the "old-fashioned." One cries, "Let them sign." A stolid, short-bearded countryman replies, "We'll all sign." No one is anxious about the minority. The mass of the meeting moves slowly towards the court-house, and one after another files in to put his name to the "decree," which needs only a majority of two-thirds and is practically sure of four-fifths. As I look back on the little group, I think that with all their imperfections and faults of detail, these peasants are the proper claimants for reform, and that if they claim it with the moderation, enterprise and insistence which they have shown to-day, there is indeed a

*The Contemporary Review.*

sure basis for the consequent future of the vast Russian family to which they belong. And, though I would never suggest that this meeting is possible in every canton of Russia, I count that the fact that it has taken place here is in itself a vast stride forward, and am confident that in directing English readers to a study of freedom with order, a study which is by tradition our own speciality, I am not only telling them of great potentialities latent in a great nation, but am here putting before them the record of a typical event which is of genuine importance to the future history both of Russia and of Europe.

*Bernard Pares.*

---

## AN EXAMINATION IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### WITH SOME SELECT BLUNDERS.

In the course of editing the literary remains of my much revered friend Canon Ainger (the solecism of the title is perhaps condoned by custom), I had occasion to read over again a paper of his, written some fifteen years ago, upon the teaching of English literature, which, as I remember, was the occasion of our first correspondence. My earliest literary venture after settling down as a country parson was an edition of "Julius Cæsar," which was to show the teaching profession how a play of Shakespeare should be handled in class, and this I made bold to send to the writer of the article. Those were the days when Mr. Aldis Wright was pouring out the treasures of his philological learning into the notes of an edition of Shakespeare issued by the Oxford University Press; and, as these books were employed in such schools as studied literature at all, the too frequent results were in the pupil's

mind nausea, and in the teacher's despair. They reduced the plays to separate words, and separate words, to parody George Herbert's apt saying, "make not Shakespeare but a dictionary." The change that has come over the teaching of English in the last decade and a half is clearly enough gauged by the examination conducted by a joint board of the two ancient universities which began operations at about that epoch. A portion of my summer holidays has been spent year by year, during most of that period, in looking through the results of the examination; and it is satisfactory to see how steady has been the improvement in teaching, and how well the pupils have responded to it. It used to be a commonplace among men of letters—and perhaps it is so still, for traditions die hard—that to examine in poetry must be to brush off the bloom from the flower. It is bad enough, it was

said, to annotate a poet; but to treat him as subject of an examination is both inhumane and dehumanizing. I do not think the poets themselves would take this view. A learned poet, like Tennyson, might be shy of having all his obligations pointed out, from the fear that a foolish public might question his originality; but no great poet would prefer not to be understood. If Shakespeare's ghost ever haunts the Cotswolds he would, I feel confident, have taken even more pleasure than I did to-day in seeing a small boy settled in a sunny corner and spending the summer afternoon with one of his immortal works in the excellently annotated edition of my friend Mr. Verity. I can even conceive him putting a few questions to see if the youngster saw the point of what he read: "Do you think Lady Macbeth was right in what she said about her husband's character?" "Do you feel sorry for Shylock?" "Do you like Octavius or Mark Antony best?" "Do you think Hamlet meant what he said about not killing his uncle at his prayers?" "Which is the jolliest fool in all my plays?"

Literary gentlemen, who speak scornfully of examinations, have usually in their minds a type of question which, if it ever existed outside their imagination, happily exists no longer, at any rate in the public schools. Canon Alinger, in the article to which I have referred, gives a supposed specimen of a paper on literature which deserves all the fun he makes of it.

We all know [he says] what to expect when we take up an examination paper on English literature as set to the higher forms of a good school; it is sure to contain questions something after this model:

Name the authors of the following works—"The Hind and the Panther," "Beowulf," "Acis and Galatea," "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," and

"Adonais." Give a brief account of the contents of these works. To what class of literature do they belong?

Write a life, with dates, of Sir John Suckling. What do you mean by the "metaphysical" poets? Discuss the appropriateness of the term.

One sees the gentle smile playing round the mouth of the humorist as he penned the sarcastic sentence "Give a brief account of the contents of these works (which you have never read)." By the side of the ingenious piece of imagination cited above may I place a paper actually set this year in the Joint Board Examination in order that the readers of *Cornhill*, that most literary of magazines, may judge whether it would indeed be soul-destroying for a lover of literature to answer it. And, to give the opponents of examination every advantage, let choice be made of a paper on a comedy. "As You Like It."

1. Discuss the prominent part taken in Shakespeare's comedy by the female characters, with special reference to "As You Like It."

2. Illustrate the element of common sense which pervades this play, from the treatment Jaques receives.

3. Quote Touchstone's "seven degrees of the lie." What part does he play in the comedy?

4. Point out the jest intended in the following passages:

(a) *Le Beau*. Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence—

*Ros.* With bills on their necks,

"Be it known unto all men by these presents" (I. 2, 130).

(b) I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse (II. 4, 12).

(c) Truly thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side (III. 1, 39).

(d) As the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths (III. 3, 8).

(e) "Good-morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he.

"Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune" (II. 7, 18).

5. Explain fully, giving speaker and context:—

(a) I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat which I can hardly remember (iii. 2, 188).

(b) Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight? (iii. 5, 82).

(c) A traveller! By my faith you have reason to be sad! (iv. 1, 21).

(d) 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt (ii. 5, 61).

(e) I see love hath made thee a tame snake (iv. 3, 70).

6. How are the following words used in this play—*disable, rankness, thrasonical, unexpressive, modern, ill-inhabited*?

I am far from saying that this examination paper in any way reaches the ideal; my contention simply is that it can do no harm to the young person's love of letters. It aims at discovering, first, whether the text has been read; secondly, whether it has been understood; and, incidentally, whether it has given pleasure. And it was most cheering to observe how well the work was done by the very large majority of schools; so much so indeed that I heard examiners complaining that in these degenerate days a hundred papers will hardly yield one amusing blunder. My own experience has been more fortunate; perhaps my sense of humor is "tickle o' the sere." In the first question, for instance, it amused me to notice with what varying degrees of skill the entirely irrelevant fact would be introduced, that in Shakespeare's days the female parts were taken by boys. As long as boys are boys, facts will be facts, and they must be compelled to come in.<sup>1</sup> But, besides this, there are always one or two great and venerable foundations where a customary contempt for any-

thing that is not classical obliges young gentlemen to take their English literature papers at sight; and the natural consequence that the said young gentlemen never succeed in winning their certificate in no way diminishes the buoyancy of their attack the next year. It is perhaps a little foolhardy, considered as competition, but it is undoubtedly magnificent; there are few things so engaging as the sight of a really clever boy grappling with his author by the mere light of nature and general information. Let me give a few specimens. It is usual in literature papers to set certain passages for identification, and here lies the perplexity of the youth who has taken his books as read, or read them over-hastily with his feet on the fender; but with genius perplexity is but another name for opportunity.

*I could have better spared a better man,*  
—(1 Henry IV. v. 5, 104).

This was said by Hotspur when King Henry was trying to kill him.

There is surely an intimate knowledge of human nature about that suggestion, which in the sterner competitions of life ought to stand its author in good stead.

*He has no children.*—(Macbeth, iv. 3, 216).

A half-aside said to Malcolm in Macduff's presence by a messenger who did not know how to break to him the news of Macbeth's massacre of his wife and babes.

The only parallel in literature to such delicacy must be that of the American miner, who broke to a woman the loss of her husband by addressing her as "widow."

<sup>1</sup> The grandest example I recollect of such compulsion occurred in an answer to a question about Dr. Johnson's criticism of "Ly-

cidas": "The last subject of the royal touching for scrofula gave it as his general opinion, &c."

*Marry, this is mitching mallecho; it means mischief.—(Hamlet, III. 2, 149).*

"By the Virgin Mary, this is going too far"; the king says this after the play, when he discovers that Hamlet knows his secret.

This interpretation makes plain at any rate that the student of the play had been struck by the remarkable patience of the king after making his discovery. Hamlet was certainly pushing eccentricity a little far. No reasonable murderer could be expected to stand it.

A second fertile source of amusement lies in the ineffectualness of paraphrase. Mr. Quiller-Couch once made a public protest against examiners for asking for paraphrases, on the sensible ground that poetry cannot be translated. The poet's words are the best for his purpose, and to suggest to the student that others can be substituted for them is to do him wrong. There is a good deal to be said for this position, and I observe that examiners now ask for explanation rather than paraphrase. But the pupil often finds a paraphrase the easiest form of explanation, and so volunteers it. I have noted a few from time to time which suggest many reflections; but these I leave the reader to make for himself.

*My way of life*

*Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.*

I have become middle aged: it is time to die.

*Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,  
For these known evils but to give me leave  
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.*

Allow me, thin and infectious man, to curse you in my own roundabout way.

*Come, I have heard that fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay.*

Come now, I have heard that talking of such terrible matters is only waste of time.

*It is silly sooth,*

*And dallies with the innocence of love  
Like the old age.*

He is silly and plays with love, like an old person.

*Still you keep on the windy side of the law.*

The windy side is the breezy side.

*Transparent Helena! nature shows art  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.*

Helena, you are so thin, that I can see your artful heart through your natural bosom.

*On a forgotten matter we can hardly make  
distinction of our hands.*

We cannot shake hands on a matter, if we have forgotten what it is.

*I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me.*

Leave me, enigma.

I beg you, foolish though merry fellow, leave me.

*Augures and understood relations have  
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks  
brought forth*

*The secret'st man of blood.*

Magicians by means of magpies have extracted blood from the most secret of men.

*It were too gross*

*To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.*

It would be too inhuman to take her waxed grave-clothes off her in such a manner.

This last paraphrase throws light on the verses that the great dramatist is said to have composed, or at least commissioned, for his own tomb at Stratford; and it may be commended to the attention of deans of our cathedral and collegiate churches, who are said to be inclined to this form of "inhumanity."

Of explanations of single words and phrases the following are perhaps above the average of such things:

*Fata morgana*—The fate of Evans Morgan.

A mortgage on fate.

*Rankness*—Good society.

But for pure ingenuity I know nothing to beat the number of explanations of *fee simple*: "Cash down," "the ordinary fee," "as easy as tipping," "simply a matter of money," "simple interest," "at cost price," "merely a question of costs," "the small salary of the clergy," "money without goods," "quite simple," "a simple fee, no bribes," "without any extra charge," "a legal term for the conveying of entails."

A *batlet* was once defined by a Bedford boy as "a peggy stick for passing clothes with," an explanation which enriched his examiner's vocabulary by two provincial terms.

Canon Ainger, in his paper, made an appeal for the reading of Chaucer in schools. He pointed out how easy the dialect was to master, and how great excellences and delights awaited the young student who would master them. It is an interesting commentary upon his suggestion, that quite the best part of the Oxford and Cambridge examination in English is the Chaucer paper. The girls' schools, especially, have taken up the study with zest, and we may look forward in consequence to a great diminution by and by in the ranks of unhumorous women. Of course school differs from school in the success with which the mediæval atmosphere is appreciated. There seems some want of imaginative reconstruction of social life in the statement, given in response to a question about Chaucer's social and intellectual qualifications for founding a new literature, that "he saw all sorts and conditions of common people who came to his father's wine shop, and afterwards, when he obtained a situation as page-boy to the Duke of Clarence, could study the upper classes," as also in the statement that as "surveyor of taxes he had excellent opportunities for studying manners, or possibly the want of them." But so far as *enjoyment* of an author can be tested by an examination

paper—and a good deal can be judged in Chaucer's case by asking for examples of his humor, his skill in indirectly censuring defects of character, and so forth—there can be no doubt that the delights of the Father of English Poetry have been recovered for this generation. Chaucer's vocabulary is more remote than Shakespeare's, and consequently ingenuity in paraphrase achieves more remarkable triumphs; but they are necessarily "caviare to the general." One or two specimens may be allowed. Chaucer's aphorism that "men may the olde at-renne (out-run) and noght at-rede (outwit)" becomes in one modern version "You may outrun an old man, but not outride him," and in another "You may outrun the old, but not outtalk them"; personal experience in both cases perhaps suggesting the interpretation. In the passage from the "Prologue":

*A cook they hadde with hem for the nones,  
To boille chicknes with the mary-bones,  
And poudre-marchant tart, and galingale,*

young ladies had a chance of supplying their linguistic deficiencies from their knowledge of domestic economy. One said "They had a cook with them to boil chickens for the nuns without drying up their marrow, and to make tarts (with bought baking-powder) and ginger ale." Nobody need be ashamed of forgetting that *poudre-marchant* is a "tart" spice and *galingale*, a herb, but what ingenuity to convert *poudre-marchant* into "bought baking powder!" Another suggestion was "nightingale and sparrow pie," but I do not see the point of calling a sparrow *poudre-marchant*, unless it be that he marches to his depredations through the dust. The young ladies of our academies have still, it must be confessed, a good deal of lee-way to make up in wit and humor; even the study of Chaucer does not convert them all in a year. One summed up the impression of Chau-

cer's character and tastes left upon her mind in the carefully balanced sentence: "He had a taste for men and women, and for masculine and feminine rhymes"; another was most impressed by "his practical knowledge of agriculture"; a third, after recalling the fact that in Chaucer's day "England was full of bilingualism," thought his most striking characteristic was "a great brain specially endowed for the great purpose of settling the English language on a firm basis."

Of the papers in Milton and Spenser there is not much to say. They are among the favorite subjects, perhaps from their straightforwardness. The girls revel in Spenser's allegory, and the boys in Milton's classical allusions. Occasionally a child of nature will speak of "the Pilate of the Galilean lake," or suggest that "the Attic boy" was Chatterton, "who died in an attic"; occasionally, too, a wit will see his opportunity, as when one youth, quite in the spirit of Chaucer, explained *buron* as "yielding," and added "now only used of women"; and another opined that *secular bird* was a slang name for a parson. But for the most part these Puritan authors are treated with the seriousness they deserve. The same is true of the prose men, Bacon and Burke.

A constant element in this examination is the essay, on one of half a dozen set subjects. The really good essays are naturally few; they come from a boy or girl here and there, with the inborn gift of insight and expression. But schools differ greatly from each other in the general quality of the stuff they turn out. The young ladies at one famous finishing school achieve in a couple of hours a page and a half of matter which is inferior in every respect to the four or five pages turned out by other seminaries.

Some damsels present the examiner with an elaborate analysis almost as

long as the essay that follows; others deal more kindly and shortly with him —e.g. "Patriotism: its divisions; Patriotism in schools; England's examples; Poets' words"; and then proceed to business. Only the wisest keep their analysis to themselves. In the essays of boys from certain well-known schools it is often interesting to trace the influence of the headmaster's views in politics or philosophy. The favorite topic this year was Hobbies; and the innate practical sense of the English race came out in the determination to justify hobbies to the conscience on utilitarian grounds. The collecting of stamps and postcards teaches geography; bird's-nesting and the keeping of rabbits and white mice teach zoology and the love of animals; carpentering and gardening train the muscles; bee-keeping the temper; and all alike keep boys from smoking and idling, men from being a nuisance to their families, and the poor from frequenting the public-house. And then there is the consideration of profit and loss. Photography and stamp collecting leave a young person considerably out of pocket; for fretwork and the progeny of rabbits there is, among one's relations, only a limited sale; therefore it is generally best to have two hobbies, one for profit, as to garden or keep bees, and one for the weakness of the flesh, as to collect stamps or birds' eggs.

So speaks the wisdom of England's youth. As an example of what the other sex can accomplish in this sort, I will take leave to quote a few passages from an essay with which one examiner at least was more than content.

A hobby is a pursuit followed eagerly and zealously as a means of recreation. Many and various are the objects of those hobbies, each one choosing according to temperament. One, with a leaning towards mechanics,

may work like a hatter striving to evolve some piece of mechanism more powerful than had been made before. Another, with less athletic frame, may study Greek and Roman mythology, tracing its influence on the religion of the present day, in which it is now seen as Higher Criticism. A third may take pleasure in rearing, riding, and driving splendid horses; indeed it was from this pursuit that the word "hobby" arose. It is derived from the Greek *hippos*, meaning a horse, and the Anglo-Saxon *hoban*, a strong, active horse. This derivation will be easily proved to be correct, by comparing it with the expression so often used, that of "riding a hobby to death."

Hobbies help one to concentrate one's attention on some definite object, to  
Cornhill Magazine.

strive to attain that object by accurate thought and deed, while they keep the mind from dwelling on harassing subjects for the time being.

No hobby can be entirely useless if entered into intelligently; and many have been of no small service in revealing Nature's secrets. Some great scientists have derived their knowledge from the hobby, taken up in youth, of wandering *alone* with Nature over the warm bosom of Mother Earth, and learning Nature's lessons there. Besides, one has scope to exercise individuality in one's hobby, and by exercising it to increase the importance of one's opinions, and in that way to make one's self no insignificant unit in the nation.

*H. C. Beeching.*

## ELI TH' FIDDLER.

The year was at the spring, and all the hillside, from the crowning woods to the wide valley below, sparkled with vivid green buds like tiny points of light on bush and tree, and yellow gleam of daffodils in the cottage gardens. There was the sparkle of spring too in the life of the hillside. The men swung off to work with step more alert, and the women and children went about with cheerfulness and laughter as the sunshine dazzled their eyes and the fresh wind ruffled their garments.

Spring too was in the soul of Eli Grimsshaw, known throughout the district as "Eli th' Fiddler," as he sat at his cottage door tuning his violin, his memory recalling bud and blossom of long ago. Perhaps Eli was not so old as he appeared. True, he stooped so that his gray beard almost touched his knees, and his face was wrinkled with many lines, but poverty is an etcher whose graving-tool marks deeply, and the stoop was more the result of weariness than of years. His thick hair had

little gray in its long locks, and bright eyes—extraordinarily youthful eyes—lit up the wrinkled face.

Thus bent, yet with a look of vitality incongruous with his aspect of age, Eli resembled an old gnome, a kobold escaped from a magic rose-garden, or shut out from it perchance, and playing to men and women the melodies that had soothed the fairy folk of the underworld.

For this bent old man with bright eyes was a marvellous player, and his fame was great among the music-loving Lancashire people; which was well, seeing that he was almost entirely dependent on his violin. Who and what he had been no one knew. Fifteen years before, when he, a stranger, had settled himself in the little two-roomed dwelling, he had wisely explained to the neighbors that he was a Morecambe Bay man, but was minded to live here in the southern part of the county. This at once gave him a certain standing in the place; he was one of themselves, as it were, and had a

right to be silent if he chose regarding his past history.

The fact that his rent was always forthcoming led to the general belief that Eli had "a tidy bit o' brass laid by"; but the sum must have been very small, otherwise he would not have wandered about the country-side as he constantly did, nor tramped so often the eight long miles between the green hill where stood his home, and the gloomy manufacturing city whose smoke darkened the eastern horizon; the city from whose thronged streets he returned with heavier pocket though with weary steps.

This sunny morning he sat by his door as was his custom, tenderly fingering his violin and pondering the while whether he should walk to that murky city, and spend the fair blue day in bringing into the dull unlovely streets some of the music of the spring-tide that was awaking the earth, bird-songs and rustle of wind in the budding trees. By-and-by the postman came down the lane, and the group of gossiping women paused to exchange greetings with him, for every one in the district knew every one else as a matter of course. Then, to their amazement, he stopped by Eli th' Fiddler and handed the old man a letter. This was without precedent. Never before had Eli been known to receive a letter, and his neighbors felt they ought to know something about it. All chatter ceased as all eyes turned on the mysterious missive and its owner.

"He's a-opening it," whispered a woman. "He's looking at th' end. Theer!—he's dropped it! I'll run an' pick it up fur 'un!" thereby hoping to catch a glimpse of the contents. But before she could reach his gate, Eli had grasped his letter again with trembling fingers and hurried indoors, two scarlet spots of excitement burning on his thin cheeks.

"He do seem a bit worried," com-

mented the women. "Happen it's fro his lawyer fur to tell him th' brass is a' gone. Eh dear, he'd better ha' kept it i' th' owd stocking!"

But the letter was not from any lawyer, neither was Eli "worried." He sat on a rickety chair in his little bare room, the scarlet spots burning more brightly on his cheeks as he re-read the brief note in the cramped foreign handwriting. The date was the previous evening, and the address that of an hotel in the grimy city eight miles away.

"Dear Friend," so ran the letter, "wilt thou"—ah, the old familiar *du!*—"dine with me to-morrow and talk of our student days so long ago? I am passing through here on my way home. I will expect thee at seven o'clock." And the signature was "Anna Barheim, née Petersen."

The door, carelessly latched, swung open a few inches, and a pale gold streak of sunlight fell across the floor and on the note in Eli's hand as he sat motionless, unheeding, while the keen sweet breeze stole in after the sunbeam, stirring his long locks and gray beard. He noticed nothing; the letter, like a magic glass, had shown him the vision of his youth, the old days when he had studied music by the Rhine, those old days when the Rhine was but another name for romance, and to be a student was to be light-hearted as a grasshopper. Those old days!—when he and Anna Petersen, the yellow-haired Swedish girl, had dreamt of winning fame together. Well, she had outstripped him in the race; she had become a great singer, had married, had retired emerging occasionally from retirement to sing perhaps one song here and there as now. Through the long years he had followed her career with eager interest, not dreaming of meeting her again. To-day!—to-day was yesterday, the far-off yesterday.

Eli roused himself, there was much to be done. Locking up his violin, he set out for the dark city that, during the last hour, had become to him as one of those enchanted rose-gardens which appear but dreary wildernesses till the magic key turns in the lock. Presently he, the wanderer, would re-enter the lost rose-garden of his youth.

He reached the city by devious ways, avoiding the better streets lest he should be seen; he desired not to be seen as yet. He first sought a stationer's where he wrote a note, addressing it to the great singer, and posted it close by. This done, he betook himself to an evil-smelling part of the town where rival odors of fried fish and decayed vegetables strove for mastery. Here Eli stopped before a dingy little shop with second-hand garments flapping dismally on either side of the doorway.

"It ish der loan of a dress suit you vant, hey?" said the proprietor, who knew "th' Fiddler." "Vell, here ish von goot suit; der oldt shentleman died last week. Joost for to-night? To dine mit an oldt friendt? I see. Vell, try him. So, he fit all right. Here ish a good light overcoat to go mit der suit, I vill throw him in for der same money. You pring dem all pack to-morrow?"

Eli agreed to this, and produced the money with pathetic willingness, though the sum demanded was larger than it need have been, and much more than he could afford. When he walked away carrying the bundle, the clothes-dealer looked pensively after the bent yet alert figure, and murmured—

"Der oldt friendt ish von woman, otherwise he would haf pargained a leetle."

There were several purchases still to be made, for it is obvious that a flannel shirt is incongruous with a dress suit, to say nothing of one's shoes and one's pocket-handkerchief. Eli's last

call was upon an acquaintance who kept a flourishing barber's shop in the next street to the clothes-dealer. To this barber, who was a man of culture and prided himself on his learning, the musician explained his wishes and was understood.

"Tha wants thyssen trimmed up sort o' peaky? Loike them Armada chaps i' th' picture o'er at th' Town Hall? A' reet! Set thee down, an I'll turn thee out own brother to em."

Eli's locks fell like Samson's, but with a contrary effect, for strength seemed to return to the shorn one. Instead of "th' Fiddler," shaggy and unkempt, there appeared a man past middle age certainly, yet not old, with pointed beard and moustache, sharp delicate features, and bright eyes full of the expectancy of youth.

"Theer!" observed the barber, surveying his customer with satisfaction, "folks 'll take thee fur Shakespeare out o' th' waxworks. Look at thyssen i' th' big glass o'er theer."

"Thank you," said Eli, "it is what I wished."

He paid, took up his various parcels, and left.

"Wonder what th' owd chap's up to?" mused the barber. "He's a sight younger wi' a' that hair off. Happen he's seen better days, poor owd brid!"

The train bore Eli home, for he had already walked some ten miles, and one must not be too weary when one re-enters the rose-garden. He reached his cottage unseen by his neighbors, who were busy with the mid-day meal. All the afternoon his door remained shut, but the violin sang lightly, a bird-shower of notes, rippling cadences full of laughter and merriment of spring. By-and-by came silence; Eli was dressing. About six o'clock he left the cottage, carrying his violin, and the train took him back to the city of grime and toil.

He saw no grime, thought not of toll;

the key had turned in the lock, the gate was open, here was the rose-garden. It was not only the woman he was going to see, but the past, the old happy careless past. The streets were surely shining as he walked along them! Now he reached the hotel; he was shown into a room of which his dazzled eyes beheld nothing, but he was conscious that a big fair woman in a glittering black gown came towards him with smiling face and outstretched hands.

"Anna!" he said. "Madame Barheim!"

"Welcome, my dear friend!" she cried. "Till I got your reply I feared my little note might not reach you. The time was so short, but that I could not help."

"I was sure to come," he murmured, bending to kiss the plump white hands he held.

Then his vision cleared, and he looked with happy eyes upon his old love. Oh, she had not changed—not much; had grown stouter and a little older, of course; that was all. Her hair was yellow as ever; in truth the color now was artificial, but Eli did not know that, and what did it matter? The same pink and white apple-bloom complexion; here art also assisted nature, and again what did it matter? Madame Barheim was an excellent woman; if she had the trifling weakness of wishing to conceal the thefts of the years, it was a harmless weakness; and this evening, in the soft light of the shaded candles, she looked almost the Anna Petersen of the long ago, the young Swedish girl who hoped to be a singer, and studied by the Rhine.

"I am sorry my husband is not here to meet you," she said as they sat down to dinner, "but I am alone. Some day you must see my children. I have two, a son and a daughter."

"I should like to see the children," said Eli, thinking of them as tiny crea-

tures with sunny locks like their mother's. She read his thought and was pleased. So she looked as young as that?—then she would not tell him her son was a tall fellow of twenty, and her daughter married. Since her old comrade could dream so prettily, why awake him!

He was not altered, this friend of the past, bright-eyed, romantic, impressionable as ever. A little nervous too, his hands trembled slightly. She did not know how many years had flown since he had sat at a civilized table. But presently the food and wine warmed and restored him, and once more he was the gay careless young violinist of the bygone time.

"You heard doubtless that I have retired?" she asked.

"To the world's loss," he replied. "But you will sing for me? The papers tell me you sometimes sing for charity, even now you are on your way to do so. Well, here is charity—the truest charity."

Decidedly he had not changed. This was Eli Grimshaw the student, light of heart, fluent of speech. The great singer smiled.

"Gladly will I bestow that charity, and you will accompany me as of old. Tell me, to what music have you listened of late?"

"To that of the birds. They still sing as they did in Eden, 'as they did on the Rhine."

"Ah, the Rhine of our youth! Alas, my friend, it no longer exists. Once it was wonderful, was it not? It had its Lurleyburg, its Mausthurm, its Nixen. Now, all the enchantment has fled. There are factories, and there is no Rhine, merely a river—any river!"

"Yet the Rhine exists!" he declared. "It lives in our memories. All the old places live; the mill where we used to go to eat cherries, the meadow below the castle where we had little feasts and sang *volkslieder*."

"And where you fell into the river," she said laughing, "and the fat German student with the scarred nose called out, 'for the love of heaven, save the violin!' Have you that violin yet?"

He nodded. "The same. It is good company. It sings not only the notes I touch, but other notes of long ago. It has an undersong; it talks of the old companions. Oh, those were merry days! Where are all our friends? Some, I know, have passed to the Silent Land, but of many I have heard nothing."

"For example?"

"For example, von Bleiben."

"The painter? He gave up art, married well, and is very old, much older than the two of us together!" She laughed—her own enchanting laugh.

"So? Then the Pole?"

"Who wished for much liberty? He went to America in search of it, and was killed in an election riot."

"Too much liberty. And the Russian, who wrote poems to you?"

"Ah, in his case there was too little liberty. He returned to Moscow, wrote poems not so harmless as those, and"—she spread out her hands tragically,—"Siberia!"

So the tales went on, of this one and of that.

"You do not ask about Liebmann," said Madame Barheim presently. "It was from him I learnt your address."

"I am eternally indebted to him!" cried Eli. "When I received your note I was too happy to wonder how it reached me. I saw him at the railway station here. A fortunate meeting for me."

And Eli recalled how in the winter dusk he had accosted his old acquaintance, craving for a few words with one who knew the world he had once known, and trusting to the darkness to hide the poverty of his appearance. How lucky that he had spoken to Liebmann!

"It is truly like a dream, our meeting," she said, smiling upon him as Anna Petersen had smiled long ago.

"No, this is reality, the return of the only reality."

She bent her gray eyes on him.

"Have you not lived, my friend?"

He paused a moment. "Yes. I have lived as the dreaming butterfly lives, lying with folded wings in a glittering web of its own spinning; but now I am awake once more."

"Tell me something of yourself, of your wife and children. Surely you have them?"

"I have none; my violin has been all those to me."

"Your violin?" A look of compassion was in her eyes. "Yet, my friend—"

"Oh, I had other dreams once; but life slips by. I had an accident which crippled me. It was long before I could use my arm again, and when I had recovered the world had swung on, so"—he shrugged his shoulders, then smiled carelessly.

She did not question him further as to why he had dropped out of the race; she had known so many who had wearied of the toll or who just missed being great, or whose lives were shadowed by persistent ill-luck. She did not suppose him one of these last; she knew nothing of his poverty; he looked comfortable, fairly prosperous; he was the gay comrade she remembered.

Who was to tell her that the clothes he wore were hired; that he was but appearing for one evening on the stage of his long past youth; that by-and-by he would walk home eight miles to his humble cottage, and to-morrow resume the life of a street musician? Of all this she was utterly ignorant, and he, in the warm glow of the radiant present, forgot all save the present and the shining long ago.

What an evening that was! Here

was the magic rose-garden of the past, and Eli wandered along the familiar paths, guided by his old love, meeting his old companions.

"You will sing something for me, will you not?" he asked, with a wistful glance towards the open piano. "Remember, it is charity!"

"What would you like to hear? And where is your violin? You must accompany me."

Eli took the instrument out of its case, then hesitated. She saw and understood.

"You wish to hear me without your accompaniment? Very well; but you must forget the voice I once had. What shall I sing?"

"The *volkslieder* we sang by the mill when we twisted a wreath of cherries for your hair," he said eagerly.

"Ah, the cherries! I had forgotten."

The great singer's voice no longer retained all its exquisite notes, but it was still marvellous, and assisted by the most perfect art. Presently she stopped and smilingly held up one finger.

"Listen!" she said. There were shuffling sounds outside in the corridor. "Those are the other people in the hotel. They come soft-footed to hear."

"No wonder! Who would not come to hear you, Anna?"

"Let them hear you now. Play Bach to me; you used to play Bach."

She leant back in an armchair, her sparkling black draperies flowing round her, the light shining on her fair head, listening with her charming air of appreciative friendliness; and in Eli's hands the violin became alive.

When he ceased she nodded gravely. "You play better than ever, my friend. It is long since I have heard such playing. I congratulate you with all my heart."

A little more music, a little more recalling of old memories, and then—Eli was bidding adieu.

"But we must meet again!" she cried. "I am sometimes in England. I will write. And you will write to me?"

Eli joyfully agreed and passed out into the night, dazzled by the brightness of the evening he had spent in the rose-garden; nay, he was still in the rose-garden, he had not yet left it. Of the smoky streets he saw nothing; on he walked, mechanically, till he gained the open country and the high road. There was no moon, therefore the ways were dusky. All the better for dreams!

He was not trudging home to his cottage on the hillside; oh no! he was back in his youth, and the song of the wind as it swept by him was the rush of the Rhine. Painted by memory on the darkness, he beheld all the familiar scenes. Here was the mill, the little inn beside it, the tables spread for guests under the linden tree by the door, sunshine and shadow dappling the ground. Here were the merry companions of old days—the laughing girls, the irrepressible boys—all with the infinite possibilities of life before them. They meant to be famous; meanwhile, they were happy. Anna was there; they had made a wreath of cherries for her, red and white on her yellow hair; and she had sung for them—sung like the Lurley! They had danced, too, in a ring round her; he remembered the wild leapings and twirlings, the songs and the laughter. Then the long walk home when the sunset died; the walk under the stars, by the Rhine. Yes, of course, he was walking home by the Rhine. His companions were just a little way in front, some a little way behind; Anna had turned aside for a moment to speak to a loiterer, and he was strolling on—how clearly he heard the river!

At last the dark mass of the hill rose before Eli, and his feet, like those of one who wanders in his sleep, took him into the lane that mounted the

hillside. Slowly he tolled upward, while the brooklet flowing along the side of the lane rippled softly in the night and helped his dreaming fantasy. There was a stile half-way, and Eli sat down on the lower step to rest. He was very tired; the day had been so wonderful, so filled with excitement; and this was the second time he had walked the distance between his cottage and the busy city eastward.

So in the dim starlight he sat, listening to the tinkling rush of the brook, his spirit still steeped in the enchantment of the past. He did not tell himself he had enjoyed his evening; it was not one evening, all the sunny long-ago had risen and claimed him. Presently his violin slipped from his grasp;

Temple Bar.

he would sleep a little; he had often slept, lulled by the Rhine—he would so sleep now.

When the dawn aroused the hillside, a man going to his work found Eli slumbering by the stile, and essayed to wake the sleeper. Then he perceived the slumber was too deep for any awakening.

"Eh, 'tis a pity!" muttered the laborer, looking down on the huddled figure, the worn face serene and peaceful. "A pity!" he repeated, meditatively rubbing his chin. "An' yet, I dunno! Happen 'tis best."

Assuredly it was best. The gate of the rose-garden had closed while Eli was within.

C. L. Antrobus.

### ARIOSTO.\*

If I were asked to define the main difference between the character of current poetry and what is commonly called "classical" poetry, I should say that the one aimed at being singular and the other succeeded in being representative. Singularity seems in contemporary art to be the very breath of life. The first care of a modern poet is to look for ground that has never been trodden before; to conceive of his subject, when he has chosen it, in some manner that cannot by any possibility be called commonplace, and to express his conception in language as far removed as may be from the standard of speech received among his countrymen. This attitude of mind is, perhaps, in some measure imposed upon the poet by the public taste, because, in the great majority of readers, the master desire is for novelty, which they insist shall be satisfied

by at least the appearance of originality; while originality again is held to be identical with eccentricity of expression. It is not my purpose to consider how far this first principle of modern art is founded on reason: I merely wish to say at starting that it is entirely different from the first principle of the art of poets who wrote without feeling the pressure of a widespread self-conscious public taste. In one way or another the work of the great classical writers was representative of ideas that for many generations floated without artistic form in the imagination of their countrymen. Neither epics like *Paradise Lost*, nor plays like those of Shakespeare, show any novelty in the themes chosen; the subject is put before the reader or the audience in a form that is generally intelligible; and, as to expression, the language in such a composition as the *Divine Comedy* is grounded on what Dante calls "the illustrious vulgar tongue." The aim of the old class of

\* A lecture delivered in the University of Oxford, on August 7, 1906, by request of the Delegacy for the Extension of Teaching.

poets was, in the words of Hamlet, "to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

I have had the honor to be asked to speak to you on one of the great poets of mediæval Christian Europe, and I think that I shall be conforming myself to the spirit of the current course of lectures, if I regard Ariosto, not in the light of an isolated man of genius, but as a representative of the movement called the Renaissance. I am, therefore, bound in the first place to give you an idea of what I mean by this term, "Renaissance." The most common sense attached to it is the revived study of Greek and Roman art after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. Of late years a larger extension has been given to the word, and it has been taken to mean the appearance of the modern spirit, as opposed to the spirit of the Middle Ages, an epoch which is supposed to have come to an end about the middle of the fifteenth century. Neither of these definitions is quite sufficient to express all that I have in my mind, the former being too narrow and technical, the latter too vague, since it fails to indicate in what way the modern spirit is a "new birth." By the Renaissance I mean the revival in a new form of the civic spirit, inherited from the Roman Empire, which was for many centuries suppressed by feudal and ecclesiastical institutions after the overthrow of the Empire by the barbarians. Using the word in this sense, the beginnings of the Renaissance itself must evidently be looked for at a period long before the middle of the fifteenth century; on the other hand, in order to understand Ariosto's view of life, we must consider, not only the revived study of Greek and Roman art, but also the relation in which this stood to the general framework of ecclesiastical and feudal society at that date. To put the prob-

lem in other words, the term "Renaissance" has a wide historical European significance, and also a more strictly local and Italian sense, both of which must be taken into account for the true interpretation of Ariosto's great poem, the *Orlando Furioso*.

To speak first of the Renaissance in its European relation: we have to remember that Europe was, in the age of Ariosto, still professedly under the dual government of the Pope and the Emperor, described by Dante in his treatise *De Monarchia*, and alluded to in many passages of the *Divine Comedy*: that is to say, in the universal European society, known as the Christian Republic, the supreme spiritual authority lay with the Pope, while the Emperor, as the highest temporal power, was supposed not to bear the sword in vain in enforcing the law proclaimed by the Holy Father. This traditional system veiled in the fifteenth century an entirely different mode of actual existence. While the independence of the different European nations was theoretically not recognized under it, the modern system of the Balance of Power was already visible in outline; and the Papacy, the Empire, Spain, France and England had asserted their claims as rival states, separate in their organization though held together by the law of Christendom, the limits of which were determined by community of interests and ancient traditions. Nevertheless, the external structure of the Christian Republic still survived, and Ariosto, in the 17th Canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, seems to regard it as a living organism, for he appeals to the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Swiss, and the German, to lay aside their rivalries, together with their designs upon Italy, and to unite in a Crusade for the expulsion of the Turk from Constantinople and for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre.

Then, as to the second relation of the

word: when we consider the meaning of the term "Renaissance" in its relation to Italy locally, we must carry our minds back to the great days of the Lombard League. In the twelfth century the Italians showed a capacity for becoming once more a united nation. After successive waves of barbarous invasion, Ostrogoths, Lombards, and Franks had mixed themselves with the old Latin stock, and within the Italian cities the burgesses had revived the arts of municipal self-government which they had preserved from the days of the Roman Empire. To secure their liberties against the encroachments of their German over-lord they had formed themselves into a Federal League, and had heroically resisted all the power of Frederic Barbarossa. A period of freedom, prosperity, and artistic progress followed; but under the influence of faction public spirit gradually decayed in the several cities, most of which sank into servitude under the rule of various despotic families; while the Popes, nourishing the ambition of becoming temporal lords of the peninsula, declined from the high spiritual aims they had cherished in the days of Gregory VII. and Innocent III. In the middle of the fifteenth century the Papacy was the strongest power in the centre of Italy; and the only independent States capable of resisting it were the Republic of Venice, the Kingdom of Naples, and the Duchies of Urbino and Ferrara. Between the taking of Constantinople by the Turks and the sack of Rome by the Constable Bourbon in 1527, three Popes in particular are representative of the age of the Renaissance in Italy, Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X. The first was distinguished by his crimes; the second by his ambition; the third by his Epicurean taste. Under their corrupt guidance every great ideal, religious or patriotic, decayed in Italian society. To the cities of Italy the idea of the Chris-

tian Republic had never conveyed any very definite meaning. The idea of chivalry, northern and Teutonic in its origin, seemed barbarous to the inhabitants of cities which were proud of institutions inherited from imperial Rome. The idea of a country, to which all its children owed a common duty and obedience, perished when the sense of Federal society had been sapped by the rivalry of cities and the selfishness of factions. What remained to the Italians of the fifteenth century was brilliant mental intelligence in the individual, and keen artistic perception, sharpened into preternatural acuteness by the constant encounter of wits during many generations of free city life.

Among the cities of Italy which at the time of the taking of Constantinople retained some share of their former prosperity was Ferrara. Ferrara had never been, like Florence and Milan, a free and self-governing municipality. It owed its flourishing position to the protection of the House of Este. The princes of this family were descended from the Lombard conquerors of Italy; but their rule had not been marked either by the brutal ferocity of the Sforzas in Milan, or the baser arts by which the Medici of Florence corrupted the minds of their fellow citizens. They were, like the Dukes of Urbino, favorable specimens of the more enlightened feudal aristocracy, which had the wit to understand the advantages of orderly government. Those of you who have seen their city will remember its aspect; the broad streets once trodden by the feet of 100,000 inhabitants; the huge castle flanked with towers; the moat around it; the bridges that connect it with the city; the Duomo, in which the fresh invention of the Lombard builder has so characteristically adapted to ecclesiastical purposes the principle of the Roman arch. Altogether, Ferrara strikes the spectator as a place in which the bour-

geois and feudal intellects have contrived to arrange a bargain, the lord, so long as he is allowed to make a decent profit out of the citizens, leaving them to do pretty much as they choose in commerce, and even granting them protection against rapacious oppressors of his own class.

In one of the main streets of the city was built, during the early part of the sixteenth century, a modest mansion, with this inscription placed over the doorway:

Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non  
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen ære, domus.

(A little house, but large enough for me,  
Not mean, my own unmortgaged property.)

This inscription was removed at a later date to make way for one of less terse significance. Inside one of the rooms of the house stood an arm-chair of walnut wood, before a table on which was placed a bronze ink-stand, with the device of Cupid holding his forefinger to his lips. The ink it held was used to write down what one of the English Elizabethan poets called the "golden cantos" which, altered and realtered with punctilious care, may still be seen, with the arm-chair and the ink-stand, in the Public Library at Ferrara. The house, the arm-chair, and the ink-stand, belonged to Ariosto; the MS. is that of the *Orlando Furioso*.

The relics in themselves are sufficiently characteristic, and for the true interpretation of them we have fortunately a key bequeathed by Ariosto in his autobiographical *Satires*. These poems were written several years after the first publication of the *Furioso*, at a time of life when the poet had formed his final estimate of the world about him, and when he was a complete master of all the resources of the Italian

language. In their limpid frankness and sincerity we find a portrait of a man and his times, which does not allow us to doubt for a moment of its absolute fidelity, and in putting before you a short sketch of Ariosto's life, I shall, therefore, translate from his *Satires* such passages as seem to me suggestive of the leading features of his character.

Lodovico Ariosto was born in 1474 at Reggio, a town in the dominions of the Duke of Ferrara, of which his father Nicoló was governor, and where he had bought a moderate estate. The family was old and honorable, but Nicoló had ten children, for whom his estate was barely sufficient. He therefore put his eldest son Lodovico, at an early stage, to the study of law, for which, like Boccaccio before him, the boy had a hearty dislike.

My father [he says, in an epistolary Satire addressed to Cardinal Bembo] drove me with spears and lances, to say nothing of spurs, to turn over texts and glosses, and I occupied myself five years with this nonsense; but, seeing how fruitless were my labors and that my time was being wasted, after much opposition he set me at liberty.

Lodovico was then able to pursue his desire for intellectual culture:

At twenty years of age [he continues] I found myself so poor a scholar that I could barely construe Æsop's *Fables*. Fortune befriended me by giving me as a tutor Gregory of Spoleto, whose memory I must always bless. He understood all the niceties of Latin and Greek, and could judge whether the son of Peleus or the son of Anchises was celebrated in the better style. I cared not to read Homer, and thought it no honor to know Greek before I knew how to express myself in Latin, and while I was acquiring the one, and postponing the other, the opportunity I had slighted vanished.

Gregory of Spoleto was, in fact, induced to take charge of another pupil,

so that Ariosto never was able to perfect himself in Greek. When he was twenty-six his father died, leaving a widow with ten children dependent upon his small estate. Lodovico in these circumstances acted a manly and honorable part.

Need was [he says] that I should turn my thoughts from Mary to Martha and translate Homer into account-books and ledgers. One of my sisters had to take a portion to her husband, and soon after a second sister; and I had to see that my inheritance was none the worse for my little brothers, to whom I had come to be a father, and to discharge the office that duty and compassion had committed to me; to get an opening as a student for one, a place at Court for another, a commission in the army for a third, and to take care, too, that luxury did not turn them away from virtue to vice.

To increase the means of his family, Ariosto took almost the only course then open to a gentleman needing a profession: he accepted service at Court. His first master was Ippolito d'Esté, brother of the reigning duke, a man of considerable talents, military and diplomatic, but selfish and exacting. He used Ariosto, the latter tells us, as a courier, sending him on messages in all weathers in spite of his delicate health, and availing himself of the poet's great talents in many embassies requiring skill and judgment. In discharging these duties, Ariosto became acquainted with the most celebrated men of the time, among others Giovanni de Medici, afterwards Leo X., Cardinal Bembo, and Titian. He adapted himself with good humor to all circumstances, and in 1505 began his great poem, the *Orlando Furioso*, in which he paid extravagant compliments to his patron, of whom he seems to have been really fond. The latter, on the other hand, was strangely insensible to the genius of his servant,

and to the honor done to himself by the poet's praises. When Ariosto showed him the *Furioso*, completed in 1515, he is said to have merely remarked: "Messer Ariosto, how came you to invent so much foolery?" Attempts have been made to discredit this story, but something of the sort Ippolito evidently did say, judging from the tone of displeasure in which Ariosto speaks, in his *Satires*, of his want of appreciation. He offered to advance the poet if he would take Orders; but the latter, much to his honor, refused, feeling himself unfitted for such sacred duties. His salary was paid him very irregularly, and it is therefore little wonder that when, in 1518, Ippolito went to his diocese in Hungary, Ariosto should have refused to accompany him. In his second Satire he gives his reasons for this resolution. They are, first, his dislike for the German climate and food; secondly, his advancing years; thirdly, his indignation with Ippolito for his inadequate recognition of his deserts. He continued to live independently on his estate for two years when Ippolito died, and the duke, who seems to have been afraid of offending the Cardinal by patronizing Ariosto while his brother was alive, offered him employment at Ferrara. Writing to a friend, Ariosto says that he liked his new situation no better than his old. He would never have taken it if his father had left him his only child: he hates the bustle and luxury of a Court.

In my own house a turnip, cooked by myself, and, when cooked, put upon a fork and peeled, and then sprinkled with vinegar and wine sauce, is more to my taste than thrush, partridge, and wild boar at other men's tables, and I go to sleep under a coarse quilt as well as under one of silk and gold.

He does not care to travel—so he continues—as he can imagine foreign countries for himself, by the aid of Ptole-

emy's map, without having to pay his bill at the inn. Nevertheless, he professes himself content with the duke's service, and he certainly continued to do his duty at Court for two years, at the end of which time it pleased the duke, who recognized his capacities as a man of business, to make him Governor of the Garfagnana, a bleak, savage, and turbulent district in the Apennines, which Ariosto describes in one of his most picturesque Satires. Here poor Lodovico was thoroughly unhappy. He was removed from all cultivated society, and had to do work which was most distasteful to him—to decide police cases, to compose the sordid quarrels of the peasantry, and to hang brigands. Added to these dally troubles, his health began to give way. Yet even to get away from Garfagnana, he will not go to seek preferment at Rome. Asked why not? since he was a friend and favorite of the Pope, he replies that he has been to Rome, and has seen the Pope. He describes his former reception by Leo with delightful irony:

I am myself the living witness of what I write, for, when I first kissed his feet, I did not find that he had forgotten me. He bent to me from his blessed seat, and took first my hand and then both my cheeks, and impressed on each of them his holy kiss. He was even kind enough to remit half my fees, and my friend Bibbiena paid all the rest of my expenses. Whereupon with my pocket and heart full of hope, but all drenched and dirty with rain, I went home at night—to supper at the Ram.

All that he wishes is leave to return from Garfagnana to his beloved Ferrara, there to end his days in quiet. The Duke, to whom his Satire was shown, good-naturedly granted his request, and brought him to Ferrara to look after his theatre, for which Ariosto wrote several comedies, and among

them *I Suppositi*, which furnished Shakespeare with some of the leading ideas in *The Taming of the Shrew*. His last eight years were spent quietly, and, as far as we know, happily, in the house that was so well adapted to suit his own needs. He married, when she became a widow, one whom he had long admired and loved, Alexandra Strozzi. At Ferrara, in 1532, he produced an enlarged edition of the *Orlando Furioso*, and here in 1533 he died and was buried.

Such is the record of the not very eventful life of a man evidently honest, right-feeling, independent, and lovable, but easy-going, flexible to all circumstances, and little likely to trouble himself with the pursuit of unattainable objects. The remarkable thing is that the name of Ariosto should be associated with the most spiritual of all secular ideals, with the romantic view of life that turned the brain of poor Don Quixote, and acted as a spur to the heroism of Philip Sidney. The author of the *Orlando Furioso* appeared to many as, *par excellence*, the poet of chivalry. In this light he was regarded by the serious and elevated mind of Spenser, who tells us, in the preface to the *Faery Queen*, that it was the intention of Ariosto to present Orlando as the "example of a good governor and a virtuous man." One of the puzzles of literature is to put oneself into sympathy with the mental attitude of a reader who, after perusing the incidents related in the *Orlando Furioso* and appreciating the style of the narrative, could gravely describe the character of the poem in Spenser's words. Let me remind you of what Ariosto tells us about his hero. At the very moment when his liege lord, Charlemagne, is being besieged by the infidel Saracens, this Paladin goes careering over the face of the world in pursuit of the Pagan Angelica. Wherever there is a fight Orlando is in it, out of

the sheer love of fighting; and on one occasion Ariosto describes his prowess among a troop of Dutchmen. He runs six of them through on a single lance, "as if they were paste," says the poet; and in order to make the action more vivid, it is likened to that of a boy stringing frogs on an arrow in a marsh. Orlando goes mad through love, and his edifying feats, while in this condition, are minutely described; among other things he kicks an ass on to the top of a mountain a mile high. In order to cure him, his cousin, Astolfo, makes a journey in a chariot of fire to the moon, where he finds Orlando's wits stored among the lumber of mortal vanities, and, after recovering them, brings back the hero clothed and in his right mind to the aid of the beleaguered Charlemagne. Is this the way to recommend the character of "a good governor and virtuous man?" Is there not rather some excuse for Cardinal Ippolito's question: "Messer Ariosto, how can you possibly have invented so much foolery?"

In order to avoid the over-serious view of Spenser and the artistic insensibility of the Cardinal, we have, in the first place, to consider the texture of Ariosto's poem. It is made up partly of supposed historical fact—though, as I shall presently show, the history is of a very peculiar kind—partly of obviously romantic fiction. A large part of the action deals with Charlemagne, who is represented as being besieged by the Saracens in Paris; but much more space is devoted to the adventures of the Emperor's Paladins, who are able to make use of flying horses, magic rings, enchanted lances, and who experience marvellous transformations not readily to be believed by reasonable beings. The point to discover is the intellectual attitude of Ariosto towards these two elements of supposed history and romantic fiction.

First, as regards history, we must re-

member that, in the Middle Ages, all idea of sober history, as it was understood by classic authors—such as Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, and Tacitus—had vanished. Long degenerating during the decay of the Roman Empire, its place had been taken by the ecclesiastical chronicles of Eusebius and Jerome, whose aim it was to discredit all the Pagan records of antiquity. Such a state of things offered golden opportunities to the forger, and accordingly we are not surprised to find that the four chief cycles of historical romance in the Middle Ages—the History of Troy, the History of Alexander, the History of Charlemagne and his peers, and the History of King Arthur and his Round Table—are all based upon some kind of literary imposture. In the case of Charlemagne, his real history had been written by his biographer, Eginhard; but this was not sufficiently marvellous to satisfy the taste of the times. After a while a more agreeably romantic history appeared, the author of which, being, according to repute, Archbishop Turpin, a contemporary of Charlemagne, had strong claims to be believed by his readers. This forged narrative was based upon the work of a monk of Compostella in Spain, who wished to associate his cloister with the glory of Charlemagne. The actions ascribed in it to the Emperor were transferred partly from the actual history of Charles Martel, and partly from the traditions about Charlemagne and his peers preserved in oral minstrelsy. A rich embroidery of demonology and magic enlivened the whole narrative, and furnished valuable materials to the wandering *trouvères*, whose business it was to amuse with tales of their ancestors' heroic deeds the leisure of the nobles in their castles, or of the burghesses in the towns. By this channel the history of Turpin circulated widely through France, and to a lesser extent

through Italy, where feudal institutions were by no means so deeply rooted as in the countries north of the Alps. In time it reached the sophisticated Court of Cosmo de Medici, and was there, of course, listened to by an audience different in kind from the unlettered warrior and the credulous citizen whom it was originally designed to please. None of the courtiers believed the marvellous story; the poets, however, saw that it possessed great artistic capacities, and that it was their business to affect to believe it. They therefore, one and all, when handling Turpin's materials, laid stress upon the great historical authority of that veracious chronicler. Pulci, for example, who uses many of the Archbishop's incidents in his *Morgante Maggiore*, assigns as a reason for relating Orlando's exploits that "the history of the Emperor Charles had been ill-conceived and worse written." Boiardo, author of the *Orlando Innamorato*, pretended that Turpin had deliberately suppressed the history of Orlando's love, as being detrimental to his hero's dignity; while Ariosto, who combines the motives of his two predecessors, invariably appeals to the historical authority of Turpin, in vindication of the truth of his own most extravagant fictions.

So much for the attitude of Ariosto towards the "historic" matter of his poem. Then, as to the romantic form in which his subject was presented, we have to consider, also historically, the various changes which modified the character of Romance. In its first mould the *Roman* was distinct equally from the French *Chanson de Geste*—which was the earliest form of minstrelsy—and from the Romance of Adventure as it was finally developed in Spain. It professed to be simply history written in the Romance language, as contrasted with history written in Latin. But this quasi-history soon acquired all the fictitious color found in

the Latin of chroniclers like Geoffrey of Monmouth, and by degrees historical heroes gave place to legendary ones. In the *romans* of Chrétien de Troye, who may be called the father of modern romance, the heroes of the narrative have no existence in history, and the whole story is arranged after the plan of the Greek novels, which Chrétien had read; that is to say, an amorous element is introduced, and the interest is made to depend on the adventures and misfortunes of one or more pairs of faithful lovers. But though action and character thus gradually became fictitious in the *roman*, the story still presented a faithful reflection of chivalrous manners. Then, as feudalism itself decayed, arose that type of romance, so delectable to Don Quixote, the heroes of which present an abstract and flawless example of chivalrous perfection, while the interest of the story is maintained by the intricacy of the plot and the abundance of magic and supernatural incident.

All these types were successively adopted orally by the *trouvères*, who showed the greatest versatility in meeting social changes of taste; but for a long time the romance of adventure was neglected for artistic purposes by the professors of regular literature. The nearest approach to it is the *Teseide* of Boccaccio, in which, however, the element of knight errantry, the most characteristic feature in chivalrous romance, is entirely wanting. At last, when chivalry as an institution was almost extinct in Europe, and when the historical traditions of the *roman* represented to the imagination nothing but shadowy ideas, the polished Italian poets saw that an artistic effect might be produced by an ironic recast of the oral minstrelsy of the *trouvères*. They perceived that, under the veil of romance, it was possible for them to present all kinds of modern interest in a fresh and imaginative light, and they

showed remarkable skill in adapting the leading features of the old romance to the needs of a growing civilization.

The first to handle the romantic tradition in a modern spirit was Luigi Pulci, a poet of the court of Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici. He took for his nominal subject the conflict between Charlemagne and the Saracens, as this is represented in the chronicle of Turpin, his real object being to reflect the sceptical opinions of his audience about the marvellous events there recorded. For this purpose he dwelt mainly on the ecclesiastical side of Turpin's history. While choosing as the hero of his poem the Paladin Roland, and embracing in his action the supposed defeat of Charlemagne by the Saracens at Roncesvalles, he occupied all the first part of his work with describing the attempts of Orlando (for so the name Roland was Italianized) to convert a Pagan giant, Morgante. The discussions between the Paladin and this gigantic catechumen gave Pulci an opportunity to introduce into his verse much philosophical dissertation on theological and scientific points interesting to his time. The general effect of his style was to bring out the striking contrast between the superstitious, unquestioning credulity of the monkish chronicle, and the free, tolerant—and, indeed, irreverent—spirit prevailing in the society of his own Florence. Pulci's art is shown in the simple gravity with which he accepts the marvellous facts recorded by Turpin, and translates them into the familiar language of modern life, thus emphasizing the irony of his own narrative. At the same time his taste and judgment are conspicuous in his steady refusal, when describing the defeat of the Christians at Roncesvalles, to lower the serious and often heroic tone of the old chronicle to the level of burlesque. By adhering to the letter of his original, while dissolving its spirit, he laid the

foundation of the Italian romantic style, the building of which was perfected in the *Orlando Furioso*. His choice of metre was as judicious as the treatment of his subject, for in no other language can such paradoxical effects of sound be produced as in the sweet double rhymes of Italian *ottava rima*.

A romantic note of a very different kind was struck by Pulci's successor, Matteo Maria Boiardo, Count of Scandiano, author of the *Orlando Innamorato*. Pulci approached the monkish element in the legend of Charlemagne with the scepticism of the cultivated citizen; Boiardo was inspired throughout his poem by the free genius of the knight errant. He had no more serious belief in the narrative of Turpin than Pulci himself, but he lived in a part of Italy where feudal customs had established themselves, and he was familiar with the code of chivalrous manners recognized in every Court of Europe. Like Pulci, he took the Paladin Orlando as the central figure of his poem, and the quasi-historic wars of Charlemagne with the Saracens as the backbone of his narrative. He found many of his characters existing in a legendary form, but many others he created out of his own fancy, and the story is well known of his ordering the church bells of his village to be rung to celebrate the happy invention of the name Rodomonte, which occurred to him, while he was out hunting, as suitable for one of his heroes. He also interwove with the historic web of Charlemagne's story the tissues of love and magic which form so important a part of the texture of Spanish romance. The *Orlando Innamorato* first introduced us to Angelica, Bradamante, Marfisa, and other heroines, who afterwards appear in the *Orlando Furioso*, and indeed the unity and consistency of Boiardo's poem depends, as the title suggests, entirely upon the skill with which the element of love is handled in it. Enchanted

lances, magic rings, and the rest of the machinery of marvel, which Tasso speaks of as things naturally expected in the modern epic, also make their first appearance in the *Innamorato*; indeed, all the leading features in chivalrous fiction—intricacy of action, multiplicity of character, adaptation of classical mythology—may justly be described as the inventions of Boiardo. His sole inferiority to Ariosto is in his style. Compared with the polished beauty of the stanzas of the *Furioso*, the diction of the elder poet seems rude and provincial; and so much does poetry depend upon metrical harmony that, after the publication of Ariosto's poem, which in its essential features was only a development of the *Innamorato*, the work of Boiardo was generally neglected.

The neglect may have been in part due to want of sympathy with Boiardo's point of view in the generations that came after him. Time has now largely redressed this injustice; we can understand Boiardo's meaning better than could the readers of the Renaissance period. For a long while it was supposed that he, like Don Quixote, intended to exalt chivalry as a serious ideal; but the many humorous and ironic turns of expression in his poem forbid us to interpret his work in this way. In order to sympathize with him, we have to think of him as a representative of the old Lombard aristocracy, who, having long settled themselves on Italian soil, nevertheless retained all the primitive instincts of their nomad ancestry. Boiardo was a lover of the country; he delighted in its freedom and open-air life, and, like all his class, he followed the chase with passion, because it reminded him of the conditions of actual warfare. He lived on kindly terms with his tenants and vassals, whose names he often transferred to the heroes of his poems. There was much, too, in the circumstances of his

time to encourage the freedom of chivalrous imagination. Italy had not yet been galled by the yoke of a foreign invader; the free cities had, indeed, sunk under the rule of despots; but the rural nobility, still uncrushed by Caesar Borgia, prospered amid the prevailing anarchy, which in many respects seemed to recall the relations existing between Charlemagne (as represented in the *Chansons de Geste*) and his rebellious vassals. Hence it was easy for Boiardo to form in his imagination a vivid conception of the legendary world; and the beauty, the freshness, and the humor of his poetry are but the reflection of his own surroundings.

When Ariosto took over the legend of Orlando the whole complexion of things in Italy had altered. Between the abrupt termination of the *Orlando Innamorato* and the final completion of the *Orlando Furioso*, Charles VIII. of France had shown that the Italian peninsula could be overrun from end to end; Rome had been again sacked by the barbarians under the Constable Bourbon; the world had been scandalized by the Papal reign of Alexander VI.; Caesar Borgia, the bloody exterminator of feudalism in Romagna, had been extolled as an ideal ruler by Machiavelli, whose cynical philosophy of political expediency, embodied in his treatise *The Prince*, had shocked the conscience of northern Europe; the scoundrelly blackmailer Pietro Aretino was still making money out of the cowardice and immorality of a hundred petty despots. When we compare the spirit and form of the *Orlando Furioso* with those of the older compositions which served it for models, all these social influences are found to have affected its structure. At the foundation is to be seen the ecclesiastical stratum of Turpin that had stirred the invention both of Pulci and Boiardo; superimposed upon this is the chivalrous fairy tale of the *Orlando Innamorato*,

but with this extended sphere of chivalrous action the ironic thought of Pulci has kept pace, so that the Catholic and feudal spirit of the sixteenth century is paradoxically blended with the spirit of the Catholic and feudal world in the twelfth century. The elements of the *Orlando Furioso* not found, or found only germinally, in the *Innamorato*, are, first, the deliberate flattery of the House of Este; secondly, the vein of philosophic moralizing at the opening of each canto; thirdly, the fusion of the realistic *fabliau* with the poetic *roman*, whereby *novelle* like those of Boccaccio in the *Decameron* are artistically combined with the episodes of chivalrous adventure. These additions completely transform the spirit of Bolardo's creation. The elder poet absorbs himself in the action of his fairy tale; he sympathizes with the heroic spirit of his *dramatis personæ*; Ariosto, while conceiving with equal vividness the images of the things and persons he describes, presents them to the reader as a picture. "The ladies, the arms, the loves, the deeds of courtesy, the adventurous exploits, that were in the world at the time when the Moors invaded France out of Africa, and did so much mischief there, are the subject of my song"—thus he opens his poem. These things *were* in the world; Turpin says so; therefore they shall be described. And he goes on with an air of child-like simplicity to record, in the purest Tuscan, a series of romantic adventures more marvellous than the fictions of Bolardo. But the experience of the senses must also be believed, and human affairs doubtless proceeded in the time of Charlemagne much in the same fashion as we still see them in market-places and country inns; hence, with the adventures of knights errant are mingled episodes of every-day life, both alike being presented to the reader with the *bona fides* of a grave historian. In this way we get a view of the

world almost unequalled for compass and variety, and pervaded with such an air of grace and nature that no harsh discord of reality mars the pleasure of illusion. *Nil admirari* is, in a sense, the keynote of the *Orlando Furioso*. While Ariosto with his voice of pleasant irony discourses to us, we surrender ourselves to a belief in his flying horses as readily as to his tales of fickle women. As an image of the changing fortunes of humanity the poem is incomparable; and in the arrangement of his materials for the purposes of romantic effect the poet exhibits the highest resources of art. His actors are ever in motion; their adventures are so varied and interesting that he can skip from one situation to another without reproach from his readers; tragedy is in his tale always melting into comedy, the pathetic into the humorous, with the same ease of transition that his knights show in passing from Europe to Africa, from the Earthly Paradise to the moon. He himself seems to watch with a grave smile the play of his characters, and makes them say to the spectators in the spirit of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you do but slumber here,  
While these visions do appear.

Summed up briefly, in Ariosto the genius of the *trouvère*, the story-teller of the Middle Ages, is combined with the genius of the painter, whose art is the characteristic product of the Renaissance. At bottom the spirit of the *Orlando Furioso* is identical with the tale told or sung to the people in the city square. Ariosto, like the *trouvère*, has ransacked both literature and oral tradition for the multitude of episodes he has combined into a single poem: *Chansons de Geste*, *Romances of Adventure*, time-honored *fabliaux*, Greek and

Roman mythology, all supply him with materials. The only difference between him and the *trouvère* is that, as he has to satisfy the taste of a polished and sceptical audience, he has somehow to convey to his hearers that they need not believe what they are told. But they must in any case be amused; and Ariosto, therefore, never for a moment loses sight of the true character of the *roman*. There is in the *Orlando Furioso* none of the straining after epic effect that may be observed in the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. Spending endless pains on polishing the style of his narrative, Ariosto's aim is always to keep it simple and natural. Lucidity is his first desire, so that every word may seem to his hearers to be that which they would have chosen themselves; and for this purpose he strives to make his mental images as clear in form and color as the figures in a painting. However marvellous and actually impossible are the situations in which he places his heroes, they are so distinctly conceived and so minutely described that for the moment they seem real. On the same principle he constantly seeks to aid the abstract efforts of poetical fancy with what is equivalent to pictorial illustration. No poet has ever relieved his narrative with so many and such picturesque similes. These, as a rule, are not selected to heighten the dignity of the action, but to make it more distinct. The Hippogriff, for example, a kind of flying horse, makes a great figure in the *Orlando Furioso*. On one occasion this animal escapes from his rider, who has much difficulty in catching him again; and his motions are likened to those of a raven hopping and flying before a dog who is chasing him on the sands. At another time he is ridden by one of the Paladins to attack an enormous marine monster, no less fabulous than himself, called the Ork, and the image of the aerial combat is painted by the simile of a gnat teasing a mas-

tiff by buzzing round his snout, while he keeps snapping at it with his teeth. The Ork himself is finally killed by Orlando, who rows into his mouth in a boat, and fixes an anchor between his upper and lower jaws; this action is likened to that of miners, who prevent the earth from falling upon them by making a gallery.

It will be said that this is not poetry of the highest kind. Nor is it. Those who, in their admiration of Ariosto's genius, call him the Homer of Ferrara do him a disservice by diverting attention from his true character. There is nothing in the *Orlando* of serious epic sublimity, such as we find in the *Iliad*. It is impossible to imagine Ariosto writing a speech like that of Sarpedon to Glaucus, setting forth the reasons for a hero's contempt of death. Equally beyond him is the solemn and melancholy tone of Virgil, when describing the descent of Æneas to the lower world; the entry of the Paladin Astolfo into the Inferno, as described by Ariosto, strikes a note of mere burlesque. As to any comparison with Dante or Milton, we need only set the discourse between the same Astolfo and St. John in the Earthly Paradise side by side with the conversation held by Dante with any of the inhabitants of the celestial spheres, or by Adam in Eden with the Angel, to perceive that there were heights of thought and feeling to which Ariosto was incapable of mounting. Of the sphere of chivalry itself one face was always turned away from him. He loved it on the side of romantic adventure; he could appreciate, like Bolardo, its spirit of reckless gallantry, its sense of fair play, above all, its courtesy and gentleness, but of that honor, which acted as a spur to the knightly mind in the Northern Kingdoms of Europe, raising it "to scorn delights and live laborious days," Ariosto knew no more than the rest of his countrymen. He could never have

written the noble stanza of Spenser on Honor:

In woods, and waves, and wars, she  
wont to dwell  
And must be sought with perill and  
with paine;  
Ne can the man that moulds in idle  
cell  
Unto her happy mansions attaine:  
Before her gates high God did sweat  
ordaine  
And wakeful watches ever to abide:  
But easy is the way and passage plaine  
That leads to Pleasure: it may soon be  
spled;  
And day and night to all her gates  
stand open wide.

How far the absence of this ethical spirit from a work of romantic art, composed in an entirely different spirit, is a defect, is a question of taste that I will not consider. But it must necessarily affect our judgment of Ariosto as a man. It cannot be urged on his behalf that he himself was unaware of the degeneracy of his time; his *Satires* show, on the contrary, that he was quite able to measure by a moral standard the characters of his successful contemporaries. The ground on which he defends his artistic trifling is the same epicurean fatalism as is used by Machiavelli in his prologue to his licentious comedy, *Mandragola*. "Excuse the author," says the philosopher of the *Prince*, "with this consideration, that in these vain thoughts he strives to alleviate the sadness of his age; he has nowhere else to turn his eyes, since his lot forbids him to show any other kind of energy in other undertakings, there being no reward elsewhere for his labors." In one of his Latin epigrams, composed in the same spirit, Ariosto asks: "What does it signify to us whether we serve under a French or an Italian tyrant; since, under the one or the other, slavery is slavery; is it less bad under one who is a barbarian in manners than under one who

is also a barbarian in name?" His conclusion is, since we cannot alter the conditions of our life, let each make the best he can of them consistently with self-respect.

To such arguments we Englishmen are inclined to reply: Where should we now stand in respect of our constitutional liberty, if either Crown or Parliament had taken up this philosophical attitude in the seventeenth century? And even if it be urged that Italy, in respect of her political position, was in a far more hopeless state, in Ariosto's age, than was England under the Stuarts, no man, least of all a poet, who is the representative of the public conscience, is at liberty to withdraw from action, and to amuse himself with merely watching the human comedy. If reformation is impossible, the duty of protest remains. Poetry provides in satire a weapon for dealing with moral corruption. "If Nature denies," says Juvenal, "indignation inspires verse." But in the *Satires* of Ariosto there is little more of indignation than there is of sincerity in his flattering addresses to the House of Este in the *Orlando Furioso*. Among all the contemporaries of Ariosto there was perhaps only one who worthily held up the satiric mirror to his degenerate countrymen; only one who dared "to show scorn her own image"—the admirable poet, Alamanni.

It is better, disregarding the excuses which Ariosto offers for his intellectual epicureanism, to trust his character to posterity, which always shows itself tender for the reputation of a great artist. I have taken Ariosto as a representative of the Italian Renaissance, and making the allowances that humanity requires, a more favorable one could hardly be found. In all the domestic relations of life, in his unselfish care of the brothers and sisters left dependent on him, in his fidelity as a friend, and his constancy as a lover,

his conduct leaves nothing to be desired. His engagements to his employers were always strictly and honorably performed, in spite of the meanness and irregularity with which his services were rewarded. He showed elevation of mind in declining to take advantage of the brilliant prospects offered to him if he would enter upon spiritual duties, for which he knew himself to be unfitted. When his patrons' behavior to him injured him in his self-respect, he refused, with the high spirit of a gentleman, to be any longer dependent on their good will. His master passion, in an age of servility, was personal independence, a sentiment which brings him naturally into comparison with Swift, whose genius, in other respects, had much affinity with his, and whose character and conduct perhaps provide us with the standard by which Ariosto's merits can most fairly be judged. Both had a keen insight into the springs of human action, and knew how to make literature a practical instrument in the affairs of life. Both had to complain of an exile which removed them from that position of social influence to which their talents entitled them. Both employed extravagant fictions for the purpose of satirical effect. Both set the same value on simplicity, and aimed in their art above all things at clearness and purity of expression. Swift's lines on liberty have a strong bearing on the character of Ariosto:

Fair Liberty was all his cry;  
For her he stood prepared to die;  
For her he boldly stood alone;  
For her he oft exposed his own.

The liberty of which the Dean of St.  
The National Review.

Patrick's is here speaking is political freedom, and of this, as I have said, Ariosto knew nothing, nor would he ever have thought of exposing himself to danger in an attempt to secure what was beyond his reach. On the other hand, we may well ask whether liberty under the first two Georges was really in such danger as to justify the savage misanthropy and contempt for mankind which Swift expresses in all his later writings; and, if not, whether the *sæva indignatio* of the English satirist ought not to be traced to the source of disappointed ambition. Personal disappointment at any rate never soured the temper of Ariosto. The spirit of his satire is gentle and humane: as Persius says of Horace, he plays around the heart. Contrast him with the brutal black-mailer, Aretino, with the cynical Machiavelli; with the debauched and venal humanists described in his own epistle to Bembo; and our idea of him is not ignoble. The philosophic irony with which he satirizes human vanity, in his description of the contents of the moon, seems well-bred by the side of Swift's picture of the Yahoos. The subservience of Tasso, who, in the next generation, mutilated the *Gerusalemme Liberata* at the bidding of the Inquisition, makes Ariosto's manly freedom of thought and fancy rise almost to the level of public virtue. We feel that he has a place of dignity among those who, in the beautiful phrase of Virgil, have "adorned life by the discovery of arts," and that, in the liberty of his imagination, he is worthy to rank with Raphael and Titian, as a true child of the civic Renaissance of Italy.

W. J. Courthope.

# THE DUKE PAYS.

BY W. E. CULE, Author of *Prince Adrian of Zell, &c.*

## CHAPTER II.—THE EQUERRY AND MR. INCHEAPE.

When Mr. Inchcape laughed he did it heartily, as he did everything. He laughed heartily now, leaning back against the cushions to do it with greater freedom. It was not simply that the proposal amused him, though the situation certainly had a humorous side; it was the sense of discovery, of having a mystery explained, that caused a large proportion of his amusement. The proposal had set in a clear light the equerry's unexpected and painstaking courtesy.

Thus it was that Mr. Inchcape laughed. His visitor did not enjoy the laugh, but he heard it with patience. Whatever his natural disposition, he was one who could control his feelings to gain an end.

"My dear sir," he began as soon as the opportunity came, "I know the thing sounds absurd; but I ask you to consider it fully. As far as I can see, there is very little in the way of the plan being a success, and that very little we shall doubtless manage. In fact, all the circumstances are favorable to an extraordinary degree—one might almost suppose that they had been arranged for us. Your remarkable likeness to the Duke, the fact that you are not known at Winchester, the fact that His Highness is himself an—an accomplice—all these make my suggestion reasonable and practicable, strange as it must seem at first. It only needs your consent; and when you consider what your consent will mean—"

Mr. Inchcape had ended his laugh by this time. "Do I understand," he asked, almost soberly, "that you are really serious in the matter?"

It was plain, however, that the equerry had made his proposal in all

sincerity. In a moment Mr. Inchcape perceived that the man, naturally arrogant and self-important, was laboring under the dread of a fiasco at Winchester when he should arrive without his Grand Duke. There was his natural wish to avoid a public sensation, but probably greater still was his dread of looking ridiculous. Behind these were other reasons no doubt, reasons of temper, and some which might possibly be described as "reasons of State"; but the fact was clear that to him Mr. Inchcape represented a strange and providential Chance which he must do his best to use. And certainly circumstances had worked into his hands in a very mysterious way.

As Mr. Inchcape surveyed the situation, his amusement gave place to interest. Evidently, the equerry thought, this "good-natured old buffer" was "taking to it." He lost no time, therefore, in strengthening his case by argument—argument polite, persuasive, almost effusive.

"You can leave every difficulty to me," he said earnestly. "Naturally, I have had some experience in such affairs, and will take charge of you entirely. I hope there is no one meeting you at Winchester?"

"No," said Mr. Inchcape. "But I have engaged a room at the Royal Hotel."

"That need not matter. You will fail to arrive—that is all. Our rooms are at the Park Hotel. Fortunately, too, we did not bring a valet with us. The hotel people were asked to procure one."

"But—but, my dear sir, there is my tongue," said Mr. Inchcape. "I know no German."

"You will not need it. Why should you? His Highness speaks remarkably good English—there is only a slight accent, which you can improvise without difficulty if you think it necessary. As for the rest, we can arrange as we go along."

Certainly the plan seemed practicable enough as far as these points were concerned. "But perhaps there will be somebody there who knows the Duke," suggested Mr. Inchcape. "People who have travelled, you know, or who have met him in this country?"

"Quite unlikely, my dear sir. Saxe-Munden does not lie in any recognized route, and has no particular interest for tourists. Nor is the Duke well known in London, for he has only been over a short time, and has spent it very quietly—with the gout! Even if he were better known, the chances are all against a recognition at Winchester. There may be Londoners there, but not such as would know the Grand Duke; and even in the worst case, you can depend upon human nature. The idea of a substitution of this kind is so absurd that men would rather doubt the evidence of their own eyes than entertain it."

"There's something in that," admitted Mr. Inchcape. "But still——"

"But still" signified that there were many things in the way which could not be easily reached by argument—among them the natural hesitation of a steady-going old gentleman to launch out upon an Adventure at such brief notice. But there were other things that worked in the equerry's favor, though he could not dream of their presence; and some of these had existed long before Mr. Inchcape had ever heard of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Munden. Others had only come into being during the course of this journey; but even these were beyond Captain Armytage's knowledge.

"Then I take it," he said slowly and

thoughtfully, "that you will accept the sole responsibility for accidents—that is, you and the Duke?"

"Why, decidedly," was the eager assurance. "His Highness himself gave us *carte blanche*, and we can take him at his word. In fact, if everything goes as well as I think it should, the Grand Duke would be in your debt for saving him a Function, and a considerable amount of—of—unpleasantness."

Mr. Inchcape smiled and shook his head. It was evident that he did not anticipate any gratitude on the part of His Highness; but it was equally evident that he had now practically made up his mind.

"Well," he said, "under all these circumstances——"

"You consent?" cried the equerry quickly.

"I will not refuse," said Mr. Inchcape.

"Sir," said the equerry, making no concealment of his satisfaction, "you are—please excuse the term—a jolly good fellow!"

Again Mr. Inchcape smiled, perhaps just a little dubiously. The equerry looked at his watch.

"In three minutes we shall be at Winchester," he said. "Do not concern yourself in the matter of our reception there. I will do everything for you—as I might, indeed, have had to do for the Duke himself. Yes, I will see to your bag also. Don't trouble at all."

He quickly collected Mr. Inchcape's small articles of travel. "The Duke's things and mine, of course," he said, "are in the luggage-van, and will be at the hotel before us. Ah! here we are."

For the last few minutes they had been speeding through the scattered lights of the suburbs, and now came the roar of the brakes, a brilliantly lighted platform, and a maze of faces. Almost before the train had stopped

several officials seemed to make a dash for the compartment marked "Reserved." Behind these came some half-dozen gentlemen, led by a tall and portly figure under a silk hat glossy to a degree. These hastened to form themselves into a kind of semicircle around the carriage-door, and beyond them was quite a respectable crowd of spectators, eager and interested, though not at all excited.

Mr. Inchcape braced himself to face the occasion. The door was opened, and the equerry exchanged a few words with the railway officials first, and afterwards with the portly gentleman in the hat. Then he turned to Mr. Inchcape.

"Your Highness," he said, "this gentleman is His Worship the Mayor of Whichester."

Instantly six or seven hats were whipped off, and the Mayor's group smiled in unison. Mr. Inchcape bowed gravely, considering this a perfectly safe method of acknowledgment. It occurred to him that it certainly would have been awkward for everybody there if the Grand Duke had not arrived!

Then the Mayor, nervous and agitated in spite of his pomposity, stepped forward. He was greatly afraid of his august visitor—that was apparent enough—and the town-clerk had to give him something more than moral support. But he had his speech thoroughly prepared, and succeeded in delivering it without serious difficulty.

These moments were curious ones for Mr. Inchcape. He had to stand still, listening and keeping a grave face, while pompous periods concerning the Inhabitants of Whichester, their Chief Magistrate, a Cordial Welcome, and Loyalty of Town and People unrolled themselves before him confusedly. When a pause came he waited for more, and only a touch from the equerry warned him that the speech

was over and that he might give another gracious bow. Then the equerry, who seemed to be by far the most collected of the whole group, made answer with every possible grace in some half-dozen remarkably clever sentences—not quite original, Mr. Inchcape decided—pleading His Serene Highness's fatigue, appreciating the Warmth of the Welcome offered, and anticipating Great Pleasure from the Visit to "this Important and Prosperous Borough." And that was all, except for another gracious bow from the Grand Duke and a striking genuflection on the part of the Mayor. The latter was greatly relieved to find that His Serene Highness was really not such an ogre after all.

"And now, your Highness," he said fussily, "my carriage is waiting at the station entrance. May I have the honor of taking your Highness to your hotel?"

Evidently this, too, had all been pre-arranged, for in another moment Mr. Inchcape was being conveyed rapidly across the platform. The respectful and curious crowd parted, the Corporation officials fell in behind, and the stationmaster acted as guide. Directly afterwards our bewildered traveller found himself sitting in a luxurious carriage, with the equerry beside him and the Mayor and the town-clerk facing them. They were driving swiftly through the lighted streets of the town.

It was only now that he had time to consider, and the suggestion entered his mind that he was the victim of an extraordinary dream. The equerry held the Mayor and his henchmen in talk, and their talk was concerned with the function of to-morrow. It was certainly not of the nature of dream-talk; but Mr. Inchcape could not help pinching himself severely in the leg to test the matter, closing his eyes as he did so. When he opened them again the pale and spectacled face of

the town-clerk was still there, as real as the twinge which told him where his finger and thumb had met. It was not a dream; it was just what it had seemed to be—an extraordinary adventure.

Suddenly the carriage drew up before a large and well-lighted building. A footman opened the door, the town-clerk and the Mayor alighted, and the equerry followed. Turning, he gave his hand to assist Mr. Inchcape, and led him thoughtfully to the hall of the hotel. There a smiling and bowing manager came to meet them.

"Now we will leave your Highness," said the Mayor blandly. "And we trust that you will enjoy a good night."

Again the equerry was equal to the occasion. "His Highness is grateful for your kindness," he said. "In the morning he will have an opportunity of thanking you."

A little more of bowing and smiling, and the visitors had departed. Mr. Inchcape and the equerry then followed the manager up a splendid staircase to a suite of excellent rooms. The former surveyed them with distinct appreciation, but said nothing until he was apparently alone with his guide. Then he sat down and muttered, "Well, upon my word!"

"Excellent! excellent!" said the equerry. "I told you how easy it would be. Of course it will be more difficult to-morrow; but I am perfectly sure that we shall—hem!—muddle through. In fact, you can take your night's rest with an easy mind."

The equerry's cold eyes were now gleaming with satisfaction. He plumed himself upon his cleverness in so successfully managing "this good-natured old buffer" who had apparently dropped out of the clouds for his especial benefit. Mr. Inchcape sat and looked at him, nothing visible in his face but amusement and wonder.

"Well, upon my word!" he repeated.

"We will have supper in a few minutes," continued Armytage. "It will be served here. Ah, I see that they have already laid a table. Then I will consider our work for to-morrow."

"And I," said Mr. Inchcape, "will go to bed. I, too, shall have some things to consider."

"Ah, of course," said the equerry heedlessly. "Come, I will show you your room."

Mr. Inchcape followed him into a luxurious bed-chamber, where the lights were softly shaded, and where a man—a sleek, black-clad, silent man, of the valet variety—was laying out some of the contents of a well-stocked travelling-case. Mr. Inchcape noticed that the case had silver fittings, and that it bore a monogram surmounted by a crown.

"Will your Highness require the man?" asked the equerry.

Mr. Inchcape took the cue. "No," he said. "I shall prefer to be alone. Ah, I see that there are bells here."

"Certainly, your Highness. And I shall be in the adjoining room myself."

"Very good," said Mr. Inchcape calmly. And then they passed out again to the sitting-room.

Supper was served directly afterwards. It was a good supper, and Mr. Inchcape did justice to it in what the waiter doubtless understood to be a grand-ducal silence and reserve. When he spoke at all, it was with a harshness of accent which he had caught at St. Pancras from the Grand Duke himself, and which the equerry declared to be an entirely successful imitation. When supper was over they returned to the bedroom, and found that the valet had departed.

"Now you're all right," said the equerry. "You must use these things, of course. Your own bag is in the cloak-room, where we can reclaim it to-morrow. But you will find everything here."

"Yes, yes, I see," said Mr. Inchcape; "but, by the way—"

"Yes?"

"It would be just as well, I think, if in speaking to me, even when we are alone, you used the title. You see, it will help me not to forget myself—or rather, not to remember myself."

Captain Armytage was somewhat surprised, but he saw reason in the request. "Certainly, your Highness," he said; "it is a good idea. And now I suppose I must bid your Highness good-night. We shall have time for talk in the morning."

"Very good. Good-night!" said Mr. Inchcape politely; and the equerry bowed and withdrew.

For a while Mr. Inchcape surveyed the preparations made for his comfort, which were complete in every detail. By this time the philosopher in him was rapidly recovering his accustomed ascendancy—a choice old philosopher, possessed of a dry humor and a human-kindness which were greatly appreciated by one or two select neighbors at Herne Hill. It was with many a quiet smile that he availed himself of the grand-ducal luxuries displayed about him, but all in a matter-of-fact and steady-going way that would have surprised the equerry considerably; and he did everything so methodically that it was scarcely fifteen minutes be-

fore he had lowered the lights to the correct Herne Hill position and had retired. For a time, no doubt, he lay awake considering the situation; but it was not long before the murmur of Winchester streets died away upon his ears.

In the outer room, for a time, the equerry also surveyed the situation. His feelings were mingled, but on the whole there was reason for ultimate satisfaction. He had found himself between the devil and the deep sea, the devil being a Grand Duke and the deep sea an arrival at Winchester without him. Suddenly Mr. Inchcape had presented a possible way out—an extraordinary and dangerous way, but still possible—and with quite astonishing cleverness he had taken advantage of it. Such, at least, was his impression.

"And I could hardly have dreamed that he would do it," he reflected, fingering his moustache as he stood by the window; "especially after that scene at St. Pancras! What an easy-going and manageable old dog he is! And if it goes through, how I shall score over that other old ruffian! And what a prime story it will make! By Jove! I'm in luck. There's nothing like tact after all."

And then Captain Armytage also went to bed.

Chambers's Journal.

(To be continued.)

## CHARLES FOX AT BROOKS'S.

There are few great figures of English history whose characters display richer contrasts than that of Charles Fox. "Fox had three passions," said one of his friends, "women, play, and politics, yet he never formed a creditable connection with a woman, he squandered all his means at the gaming-table, and, except for eleven months,

he was constantly in Opposition." That estimate of Fox's career came to be modified before he died, but it was fairly accurate at the time it was uttered. His contemporaries during his early manhood could not fail to be struck with some of the contradictions of his character. On the one hand was the inspired orator of the House of

Commons, the prophet of a great political party, the personal opponent during twenty years of the Court and King George. On the other was a ruined spendthrift sunk under a load of debt almost before he was out of his 'teens, whose furniture went down St. James's Street on the bailiffs' carts at regular intervals, who had lost fortune after fortune of his own and had compromised the estates of half his acquaintance by his reckless folly, and yet was regarded as the best of good fellows by his victims, and was almost adored by everybody who came in contact with him.

Most of the qualities which went to make up that complex character were displayed very completely at Brooks's, the old club in St. James's Street which has now lighted its candles continuously for just a hundred and forty years. Fox was the presiding genius of the early Brooks's. The club may be regarded as his home during the first twenty years of his career. Here the extraordinary charm of his manner drew his friends around him, and converted a society which at first lacked all color of politics into the citadel of his party. At Brooks's, above all, Fox developed that passion for high play which made him the very prototype of all gamblers and kept him in a chronic state of distress which would have submerged a weaker nature, until at the age of near fifty he was rescued by a subscription of £70,000 among his friends at the club.

Those same exploits of Fox at the hazard and faro tables at Brooks's are well known, but they have perhaps received less attention than might have been expected. Fox's biographers, from Lord Holland to Sir George Trevelyan, naturally, and perhaps properly, treat the subject with delicacy. The enormous extent of Fox's transactions at the play-tables is of course recorded, and although there has been no desire

to withhold such censure as his conduct in this particular seemed to deserve, the very magnitude of his dealings in dice and cards has caused some inaccurate inferences to be drawn, and as a consequence has led to the establishment of a very erroneous tradition. That tradition, which can be traced to the daintiness with which Fox's biographers have dealt with the subject, was undoubtedly perpetuated by one of his contemporaries, in whose words it is best stated. The last Lord Egremont, the Mæcenas of Petworth, a nobleman universally beloved who died early in the reign of Queen Victoria, told Lord Holland, Fox's nephew and biographer,

That he was convinced by reflection aided by his subsequent experience of the world that there was at that time some *unfair confederacy among some of the players, and that the great losers, especially Mr. Fox, were actually duped and cheated*. He would, he said, have been torn in pieces and stoned by the losers themselves for even hinting such a thing at the time. He was nevertheless satisfied that the immoderate, constant, and unparalleled advantage over Charles Fox and other young men was not to be accounted for by the difference in passing or holding the box or the hazard of the die. He had indeed no suspicion any more than the rest at the time, but he had thought it much over since, and now had.

These speculations of Lord Egremont upon events which had happened half a century earlier, unsupported as they are by any evidence, would have attracted little notice had they not been quoted by Lord Holland in the Memorials of his uncle in support of the tradition we have mentioned. But it will be seen that the acceptance of Lord Egremont's suggestion concerns more reputations than one. The gaming at which Fox is supposed to have suffered took place almost exclusively at Brooks's, and if indeed he was vic-

timized it was at the hands of members of that club. Many of them were of great position and all of unsullied reputation. There was no question of meeting at Brooks's the adventurers who swarmed at the public gaming-tables of the coffee-houses. The club from the first was an exclusive society of gentlemen, and if there was any unfair confederacy among the members who met Charles Fox at its play-tables, the fame of many notable men of that day is besmirched. But a consideration of the evidence which has gradually accumulated upon the details of Fox's private life will, we think, remove all such doubts and will supply ample explanations of the derangement which existed in his finances in his own conduct, without involving that of others.

Fox's career as a gamester may be divided into two distinct periods. For about ten years following 1768, when at the age of nineteen he first appeared as a man about town, the male society of the day was wholly given up to a rage for hazard. The game was played for enormous stakes both at the public gaming-tables and at private assemblies. But the chief scene of high play between gentlemen was at Almack's, a club named after its first proprietor, which was the parent of the present Brooks's, and had been opened in 1764 on the site of the Marlborough Club in Pall Mall. Young Fox immediately took his place among the band of choice spirits who made Almack's their rendezvous, and became and remained a chief exponent of hazard until its vogue expired in favor of faro shortly before 1780.

Almack's had been founded by twenty-seven young men of good birth, all under twenty-five years of age, with the single object of providing a meeting-place where they might indulge their passion for high play undisturbed. That object is abundantly clear from

the original rules. These prescribed that no one should sit down at the tables without a substantial sum in gold before him; they suggest also that every room in the club was devoted to gambling in one form or another, for there is an enactment that "No gaming be permitted in the eating-room except tossing for reckonings, on penalty of paying the whole bill of the members present." So well were these rules adapted to their purpose that Horace Walpole declared there was usually a sum of £10,000 on the table in bullion, and the club had not been going a year before the town began to ring with the exploits of the generous youth who haunted its rooms to the despair of their parents and guardians.

When young Fox joined Almack's, in 1768, there was already assembled a compact band of gamblers who devoted themselves to hazard Sundays and weekdays throughout the season. It was among these men that Fox took his place, and if, as Lord Egremont suggested, he was duped and cheated, it was at the hands of these men that he suffered and we must choose among a very good company for the betrayers of his youth and innocence. The habitual frequenters of the hazard-room at Almack's were such men as the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Melbourne, Lord Derby, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Clermont, Admiral Rodney and Admiral Pigott, General Burgoyne and General Scott, Lord Harrington, and Sir Thomas Clarges. To these we may add the group of young men who surrounded George Selwyn, with that gentleman at their head, Richard Fitzpatrick and his brother Lord Upper Ossory, Lord Carlisle, Lord March, Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Bolingbroke and his brother Mr. St. John, Storer, Hare, Boothby, and "Fish" Craufurd. Last came the Fox group, Charles himself, his brother Stephen, and his

cousin young Lord Stavordale, one of the boldest of all the plungers.

It is surely inconceivable that such men as these should have conspired to cheat Fox or anyone else. Hazard, moreover, was a game at which cheating was impossible except by the use of loaded dice. It was a game of pure chance at which the novice met the most case-hardened of gamblers on equal terms, except perhaps in the all-important matter of knowing when to stop. But there is ample evidence of the ruin which the practice of the game spread among the players. The stakes were enormous. Lord Carlisle lost £10,000 at one cast at the club, a sum in no way exceptional if we are to judge by a remark made by Lord Stavordale. That young gentleman won the same amount at a throw at the Cocoa Tree and "swore a great oath saying, 'If I had been playing deep, I might have won millions.'" Obviously transactions of this sort required capital on a lordly scale, and the younger men at Almack's soon discovered a way of supplying their wants. They would go to the usurers for large sums of ready money. Their expectations would be duly weighed by those gentry, and the advance made in exchange for a bond which guaranteed the payment of an annuity to cover the repayment of capital with interest reckoned on a generous scale. We may form some idea of the aggregate amount of these transactions from a remark of Horace Walpole, who noted in 1772 that there were advertised to be sold "more annuities of Charles Fox and his society." This particular sale was to secure the payment of £500,000 a year.

Hazard at Almack's, indeed, was played with money borrowed by the players at ruinous interest, and there is little need to search for other causes of the disaster which it brought into the affairs of the men who devoted

their lives to the game. The general effect of the play at Almack's can best be followed in Selwyn's correspondence. As one man felt the pressure of a debt of honor he was forced to apply to friends who owed him sums on a like account. We may read how Lord Derby, "having lost a very monstrous sum of money," took the liberty of applying to Selwyn for a debt which he owed him; how Fitzpatrick, approached by Selwyn with the same object, would have "coined his heart and dropped his blood into drachmas" had he been able, but as it was he could not raise a guinea. We learn, too, that Admiral Rodney had to run off to France to avoid the bailiffs, and that his wife, coming over to try to raise a fund among his club-mates to enable him to return, failed utterly. We may note also that a temporary withdrawal from the hazard-room was pleasantly known as "fattening," and the inevitable catastrophe of the return as "cutting up."

Such letters as these reflect some of the difficulties of Fox's companions at Brooks's; there is less need to seek additional causes for his own embarrassment because he started life encumbered with a heavy load of debt which he had incurred at nearly every capital on the Continent during the grand tour. Hazard, moreover, was only one of his dissipations, his routine including riotous living in every phase of the life of his day. A typical instance is recorded by both Walpole and Gibbon. Fox sat down one evening at Brooks's at seven in the evening and played till five in the following afternoon. He then went to the House of Commons and delivered a speech upon the Church Bill. "Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy work," says Gibbon, "by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard." After the debate he went to White's, where he drank till seven in the morn-

ing. A few hours later he returned to Brooks's, where he won £6,000 at hazard, and between three and four in the afternoon he left London for the races at Newmarket.

This was obviously a wasteful mode of life which would require a large fortune to maintain, while as a fact Fox never had a shilling of his own after he was grown up. Lord Holland's last years were spent in trying to redeem the liabilities incurred by his sons, and when in 1774 he died, everything he left to Charles was already forestalled, and that young man was also under heavy obligations to half his friends. The estate of Kingsgate was seized by his creditors, and a sinecure office of £2,000 a year, to which he had succeeded on the death of his brother Stephen, went the same way. As to his obligations to his acquaintances, their extent is suggested at least by a remark of Walpole, who, in mentioning an attempted settlement of Charles's debts by Lord Holland a few months before his death, says, "The arrangement aimed at paying all Charles's debts with the exception of a trifle of £30,000 and those of Lord Carlisle, Crewe, and Foley, who being friends, not Jews, may wait."

So far, indeed, from Fox being the victim of his companions, it was some of them who enabled him to keep his place at the gaming-tables; it is clear, too, that he often assumed a very jaunty attitude in face of his liabilities to them. There was Lord Carlisle's case, for example. That young nobleman had stood security for an advance by a money-lender to Fox for a sum of £15,000. Carlisle himself was embarrassed and sought relief from the payment of the annuity upon the borrowed money. Selwyn, as a friend of both parties, endeavored to bring about a settlement and called upon Fox to suggest a discharge of

Carlisle's claim. "I was answered only by an elevation *de ses épaules et une grimace*," he writes, and continues bitterly, "the Messieurs Fox were born for great stations, they were educated with great indulgence, and if the Jews won't pay for them the Gentiles must." Selwyn even exhorted Carlisle to resist the payment of the annuity: "Let them sell your furniture to call attention to the scandal. In a very little time a demand upon you will be as good as an accepted draft on Child's shop."

Without having been able absolutely to disprove Lord Egremont's deliberate statement that Fox was cheated at hazard, we have perhaps suggested other causes for the dispersal of his fortune during the vogue of that game. But in coming to the second period of his career as a gamester we have the advantage of a remarkable series of letters which were written to Lord Carlisle, from 1780 onwards, by Fox's own companions at the club, Selwyn, Hare, and Storer. These letters are rich in details of the life at Brooks's during the rage for faro which succeeded that for hazard, and, unless we are to suppose that Fox changed his disposition and his habits in a moment, they serve to throw a retrospective light upon the period we have already examined in which details are scarce. In any case they dispose altogether of the suggestion that Fox was the victim of his companions after 1780; on the contrary, they establish the fact that he was the winner of enormous sums at Brooks's, and they remove him once and for all from the category of the pigeons.

Hazard suffered a decline in favor among gentlemen during the few years preceding 1780, and the gamblers at Brooks's were at that time looking out for another game to take its place. The fame of the doings at hazard at the club had not been lost upon humbler

societies elsewhere, and dicing had descended to low companies of scoundrels at disreputable taverns and coffee-houses where cheating was general. All sorts of ruffians congregated at these places, disputes were of daily occurrence in which men often lost their lives, and the results were constantly before coroners and police-magistrates. As a consequence hazard lost favor as a game for gentlemen; certainly at Brooks's it was discarded in favor of faro.

Faro, a simplified form of basset, a game which had a great vogue in England under the Stuarts, was played between a dealer, who kept the bank, and the rest of the company. In essentials it was perfectly simple, and much resembled the Self and Company still played by children. But there were many variations which made the game attractive to all sorts of players from the most cautious to the most reckless. Ostensibly it was fair as between dealer and the rest of the company, but as a fact it was not so. Ties paid the dealer, the last card of the pack was his in any event, and there were certain collective advantages known as "the pull of the table," which made the running of a faro-bank a very profitable concern.

The game was introduced at Brooks's by Charles Fox and his friend Fitzpatrick, who had already been associated as partners at the club during the hazard period. In January of 1780 we read of the pair setting up the first faro-table at Brooks's: "*C'est une banque de fondation*" wrote Selwyn to Carlisle, "*Messieurs Charles et Richard en sont les fondateurs*, or at least that is my opinion." Before many weeks had passed the partnership was avowed, and it was soon clear to the town that all the glories of hazard were to be revived at Fox and Fitzpatrick's faro-bank. The concern had not been running three months before London be-

came vocal about the ravages of the partnership upon the pockets of the rest of the company. Selwyn himself, one of the most seasoned of the older set at the club, was among its first victims. We find Storer writing to Carlisle that he was afraid to speak to George upon the subject of faro, "he was so *larmoyant* the other morning over his losses." A month or so later we have the advantage of Selwyn's remarks upon Storer in the same connection: "Storer was out of spirits after he had been losing his money like a simple boy at Charles and Richard's d—d faro-bank, which swallows up everybody's cash who comes to Brooks's." Lord Robert Spencer and his brother Lord Edward were other victims. Their brother, the Duke of Marlborough, came to their assistance, but very much to his own embarrassment. "The Duke says he cannot now give one-third to his younger children of what he has given to his two brothers, who have left him to be seduced by Charles Fox. Here is a Fox running off a second time with their geese from Marlborough House, as the old Duchess used to say."

Fox's success at the new game was so striking that it encouraged competitors. Early in the season of 1781 Walpole wrote:

My nephew Lord Cholmondeley, the banker *à la mode*, has been demolished. He and his associate, Sir Willoughby Aston, went early the other night to Brooks's before Charles Fox and Fitzpatrick were come and set up a faro-bank, but they soon arrived, attacked their rivals, broke the bank, and won above £4000. "There," said Fox, "so should all usurpers be served."

Fox, indeed, like the Turk, would bear no brother near the throne. He and Fitzpatrick resolved to keep the lucrative business of faro at Brooks's to themselves. To this end they decided to discourage competition by

broadening the basis of the firm, and in 1781 they took in as junior partners men who were potential rivals at the club. These were Fox's great friend Hare, Lord Robert Spencer (the victim of the previous year), and a gentleman who goes by the name of Trusty in Carlisle's letters. These three had each a twelfth share in the profits, Fox and Fitzpatrick dividing the remaining nine-twelfths. In addition the juniors were conceded a special allowance for dealing, a guinea for each deal at first, subsequently reduced "by an edict of Charles's" to five guineas the hour, which is, perhaps, an index to the magnitude of the transactions of the firm. The heads of the concern were still the chief operators, but the junior partners were expected to relieve them whenever required, and to keep the game going so long as a single punter could be found to lay a stake.

That this is no exaggeration is plain from the accounts of some prolonged sitting which attracted attention in 1781.

Yesterday [wrote Selwyn in May] I saw a hackney coach which announced a late sitting. I had the curiosity to enquire how things were, and found Richard in his faro pulpit where he had been alternately with Charles since the evening before, dealing to Admiral Pigott only.

A week later the Admiral matched himself against the bank single-handed throughout a sitting of twenty-four hours. "The account brought to White's about suppertime was that he had rose to eat a mutton-chop, but that merits confirmation," is Selwyn's jocular comment in the style of the news-sheets of those days.

It is not surprising to find that a business so carefully founded and so diligently conducted had a gratifying success. When Fox's political duties required his presence in the

House of Commons, or his pleasure took him to Newmarket, or if Fitzpatrick was with his regiment, Lord Robert Spencer, Mr. Hare, or Mr. Trusty stepped into the vacant place and continued the business of the firm. The calls of this business were so well understood that the partners were never asked to dine at the same hour. Selwyn gave a party which included the bankers. "The two not on duty come here at five," he wrote, "and when the other two come off they will find *des réchauffées*." During the season of 1781-2 there was scarcely any cessation of play. "The vestal fire," wrote Storer, "is perpetually kept up, and they, like salamanders, flourish in the flames." The bankers' coaches were never ordered until six in the morning, and the fluctuations of the play were the subject of a paragraph in every letter. "The rise and fall of the bank is not yet added to the other stocks in the morning paper," wrote Selwyn, "but it is frequently declared from the windows to passers-by."

An immediate effect of the faro at Brooks's was a surprising change in Fox's affairs, a rise from indigence to affluence which was at once reflected in his personal appearance and in his surroundings. Selwyn returned after a few days' absence from town to find

Charles elbow-deep in gold who but a few days ago wanted a guinea. . . . he is in high spirits and cash, pays and loses and wins and performs all feats to make his *roman* complete. I never saw such a transition from distress to opulency, from dirt to cleanliness. I saw Charles to-day in a new hat, frock, waistcoat, shirt and stockings. He was as clean and smug as a gentleman: if he is at last a field-preacher, I shall not be surprised.

Fox's house became resplendent with paint and varnish; he bought race-horses for sums he was ashamed to own; he even began to pay his debts.

At the end of 1781 he owned to Selwyn that his share of the winnings amounted to £30,000, a sum obtained solely from his club-mates at Brooks's which supported him in all sorts of excesses elsewhere. He and Fitzpatrick would leave the conduct of the game to their juniors and go down to Kenny's in Pall Mall to take a fling at hazard, lose £5000 at a sitting, and, wonder of all, pay their losses at the time. Fox confessed to losing £10,000 at the October meeting at Newmarket, and he mentioned to Selwyn, as a matter of no importance, that he had lost £8000 in two days "at various sports."

It is worthy of note that this period of fruitful activity at Brooks's coincided exactly with Fox's most inspired moments as a politician. His oratory in the House of Commons was already shaking the Government, and the time was nearly ripe for the return of Lord Rockingham to power with Fox himself as a minister. The contrast between the inspired orator at Westminster and the faro-banker at Brooks's was not lost upon the town. The town indeed could not miss it, so unblushing and so public were the exploits of the partners at the club.

The pharaoh bank [writes Selwyn] is held in a manner which being so exposed to public view bids defiance to all decency and police. The whole town as it passes views the dealers and the punters by means of the candles and windows being level with the ground. They remind me of all the little porpoises which you see leaping into the great one's mouth in the *ombres chinoises*.

The contrast between the private and political life of Fox indeed forced itself upon the notice of some of the austere spirits of his party. "The Opposition, who have Charles for their ablest advocate," says Selwyn, "are quite ashamed of the proceedings and hate to have them mentioned." It was the

occasion, too, for much baseless scandal which need not be repeated here, and at the end of the season of 1782 there was a general feeling that faro at Brooks's was altogether too one-sided a game, and Selwyn records his doubts "whether the people at Brooks's will suffer this pillage another season."

As a fact they suffered many more, though the return of the Whigs to power was the signal for Fox to withdraw from any active part in the concern. "Spencer and Hare held the bank last night," writes Selwyn, "but the Secretary's name is ordered to be left out of that commission, so ostensibly he has no more to do with it." This is partly confirmatory of Lord Holland's statement that during Fox's spell of office he never touched a die or a card. As, however, his term of office lasted just four months on this occasion and seven during the Coalition of 1783, the point does not seem of vast importance. It is quite certain that the bank was carried on, and that it was the parent of others quite as successful. There is ample evidence that Fox was the centre of the faro at Brooks's until 1787 at least, and it is important to remember that he was a banker throughout the years during which he played the game. The extent of his share of the winnings may perhaps be gauged by the luck of his junior Lord Robert Spencer, who retired a little later with a fortune with which he purchased a landed estate at Woolbeding.

Who, then, were the victims? The answer to that question is, "All the men who played faro at the club with the exception of some half dozen who ran the banks." A very superficial acquaintance with the private correspondence of the times is convincing upon the point. The male society of that day was embarrassed and set by the ears by their losses at Brooks's: Selwyn and his friends, Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Mon-

son, Sir J. Ramsden, Lord Bessborough and his son, Lord Duncannon, Lord Surrey, Lord Derby, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Clermont, Lord Burford, Lord Drogheda, royal princes like the Duke of York, eminent foreigners like the Duke of Orleans and the Duc de Lauzun, Admiral Pigott, Lord Thanet, and Lord Foley. Some of these had the resolution to set moderate limits to their play, but the regular loss of a few hundreds by each of the rank and file provided a handsome income for the bankers. Of others, whose recklessness knew no bounds, the estates and the descendants are suffering to-day. Typical of these was Lord Foley, who died with a heavily charged estate and without a shilling in 1793. He had started life not many years before with an unencumbered property, an income of £18,000 a year and £100,000 in ready money.

It may be further asked what became of Fox's winnings. Here again, the particulars of his private life, and some well-known peculiarities of his temperament, supply a complete answer. Fox was submerged as a youth, and nothing but a life of strict economy and a large income could have put him

straight again; but he was a spend-thrift by nature, incapable of keeping a shilling in his pocket, and a man, moreover, who ran through the gamut of dissipation in every form until he arrived at middle age. Knowing what we do of his life, another question is perhaps the more pertinent. Whence, after his father's death in 1774, came the funds to provide for his royal extravagance? The answer is that he was supported for years by the losses of his club-mates at Brooks's, the very men who according to Lord Egremont conspired to cheat him.

That his lordship was perfectly sincere in his opinion there can be no doubt, but his remarks were evidently inspired by a good-natured desire to find some excuse for the shortcomings of a great Englishman whose enemies even acknowledged at the last that his virtues were all his own and his vices only assumed. Fox's virtues and vices have long since been weighed in the balance, and the fact that his reputation has survived the ordeal is a proof of his real greatness. The fame of a lesser nature than his would have been extinguished by the astonishing record of his follies.

*Hedley Bristow.*

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

---

## THE FIRST AND LAST OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.\*

This book has a threefold interest—historical, artistic, and human. Mr. Holman Hunt, as every one knows, was one of the original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Indeed he is at some pains to prove that he was the chief originator of the ideas and principles which that brotherhood was formed to advance, and that it was his influence which made Pre-Raphaelites of Rossetti and Millais. He is,

at any rate, able to tell the story of the beginning and early struggles of the most important movement in modern English painting more fully than it has ever been told before. He is also able to give us a very clear and precise account of the intentions of that movement and of the state of things which it proposed to reform. Besides this he has related, with some natural bitterness, but with constant humor and vivacity, the tale of his own fight with poverty and with a professional hostility so bitter that one can scarcely

\* "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." By W. Holman Hunt, O.M., D.C.L. Two volumes. (Macmillan, 42s net.)

believe it was disinterested. The brunt of this hostility was borne by Millais as well as by Mr. Holman Hunt; and to judge from Mr. Hunt's account of a conversation he had with Millais years afterwards, Millais was still sore at the thought of it, not only with those who had abused him so recklessly, but also with certain members of the Brotherhood whose weaknesses hindered the advancement of their cause. Many books have been written in which Rossetti has been made to appear the chief of the Pre-Raphaelites. Millais seems to have resented this misrepresentation as much as Mr. Hunt himself. "You have written a very readable and plausible book about Rossetti," he said to the author of one of these works, "but it is altogether a romance. Why, instead of getting your information from the family, didn't you come to me or go to Holman Hunt?" It ought to be perfectly clear to every one that most of Rossetti's pictures have little in common with the great mass of the pictures that are usually called Pre-Raphaelite. Rossetti's art is weak in its grasp of facts. His object in painting was nearly always to express his emotions, and he was apt to be impatient of the only means by which in a picture emotions can be expressed. Sometimes he was able to simplify his pictures to such an extent that he was not hindered by details in the expression of his emotions, and then he produced beautiful works of art. But too often the faults of his pictures are the very emptiness and evasion which the Pre-Raphaelites held to be the prevailing vices in the art which they set out to reform. Their first object was a closer study of nature, based upon the belief, which has inspired so much of the best modern art, that all life has a significance and a nobility of its own, and that art can advance only as the artist's sense of that significance is en-

larged by a larger study of life. This, of course, is the very opposite of the academic doctrine that only certain portions and aspects of life are worthy of artistic treatment, and that the experience of the masters has determined once and for all what those portions and aspects are.

It is pretty clear from Mr. Holman Hunt's account of Pre-Raphaelite ideas that the name Pre-Raphaelite was not a very fortunate one. It made the world believe that the Brotherhood were sworn to go for their inspiration not to nature, but merely to a set of masters unfashionable to that time. The Primitives, however, had already come into fashion in Germany; and the imitation of them had produced in that country one of the most vacuous and sterile schools of painting ever known. Early in the nineteenth century some German painters combined in what they called a society of "art-loving Cloister-brothers" to express what they conceived to be the religious emotions of the Primitive painters. For this kind of vague romanticism the true Pre-Raphaelites had a thorough contempt. They admired the Primitive painters, not as standards for all time, but because they grappled strenuously with facts, advanced in knowledge through their own observations, and set themselves to learn the truth rather than a style. Mr. Holman Hunt gives an account of a momentous conversation he had with Millais, then still a boy, in 1845; and this conversation is the best record accessible to us of the ideas which were soon to be put into practice by the Brotherhood:—

When art [said Mr. Hunt] has arrived at facile proficiency of execution, a spirit of easy satisfaction takes possession of its masters. . . . It has, in their eyes, become perfect, and they live in its realm of settled law. . . . The English School began the last century without the discipline of exact

manipulation. Sir Joshua Reynolds thought it expedient to take the Italian School at its proudest climax as a starting point for English art.

Mr. Hunt then went on to speak of the conventional backgrounds in which the tradition of the eighteenth century still persisted:—

The English School began at the top of the wave, and consequently ever since it has been sinking into the hollow. . . . The British School skipped the training that led to the making of Michael Angelo; but even now, late as it is, children should begin as children, and wait for years to bring them to maturity.

This was the essence of the Pre-Raphaelite teaching. They held that an age, no more than an individual, should suppose itself born into mastery. It was the stern discipline of the Primitives that made Michael Angelo possible, and, if we are to produce Michael Angelos again, we must revive that discipline. They did not pretend that their own way of painting, any more than any other, was the only right way. They only determined to subject themselves to a training which, they hoped, would cure them of all plausible tricks and evasions. They would not sacrifice drawing to color, or color to light and shade, or anything to style. They would discover their own principle of selection for themselves; and they believed that a right and living principle of selection could only be discovered by artists inspired by noble emotions and ideas, and determined to flinch from no difficulties of representation in their eagerness to express those emotions and ideas. This insistence upon the necessity of noble emotions and ideas was the second great article of their creed. They saw that realism means nothing and leads nowhere; that it is only the blind energy of scepticism. Science investigates life with the purpose of discov-

ering some truth valuable to man; and art, they held, must study life with the purpose of expressing some truth valuable to man, and of expressing it in a manner suited to the understanding of contemporaries—

The course of previous generations of artists which led to excellence [says Mr. Holman Hunt in the same conversation] cannot be too studiously followed, but their treatment of subjects, perfect as they were for their time, should not be repeated. . . . The language they used was then a living one, now it is dead. . . . For us to repeat their treatment for subjects of sacred or historic import is mere affectation. . . . If I were to put a flag with a cross on it in Christ's hand, the art-galvanizing revivalists might be pleased, but unaffected people would regard the work as having no living interest for them. I have been trying for some treatment that might make them see this Christ with something of the surprise that the Maries themselves felt on meeting Him as One who has come out of the grave.

We can see in the last sentence the beginning of those ideas which afterwards led Mr. Holman Hunt to fill his sacred pictures with local color laboriously studied in Palestine. The fallacy of such ideas is easy to expose. Local color is no part of the essence of the story of Christ to our imaginations; and no amount of local color will make it real to us. Every one from childhood thinks of the great events of the Bible as having taken place in his own country and of the actors in them as his own countrymen. For us Christ plucked ears of corn in an English cornfield and His tomb was in an English garden. When, therefore, He is represented to us in strange surroundings, painted with painful accuracy, our attention is distracted from Him to those surroundings, and the picture becomes merely a conscientious study of local color, not only for us, but for

the artist himself. For he, too, is working against the grain of his own imagination. It is only by a conscious effort, and by taking a journey to Palestine, that he can think of Christ as an Oriental, living and moving in a strange Oriental world; and this effort hinders the working of his imagination. Pictures such as the "Finding of Christ in the Temple" and "The Shadow of Death," prove that in painting them Mr. Holman Hunt was distracted, by his determination to be correct in local color, from the emotions and ideas which he hoped to express by means of it. Compared with the "Hireling Shepherd," which is a picture of an English man and woman in an English pasture, these works are laborious failures. It is one of the chief excellences of the best Pre-Raphaelite works that they are racy of the soil beyond any other modern English pictures; and none of them are more racy of the soil than the "Hireling Shepherd." But the "Finding of Christ in the Temple" and "The Shadow of Death," and others like them, lack this excellence altogether. A painter, however hard he may try, cannot make his work racy of a foreign soil, and Mr. Holman Hunt, being one of the most English of painters, was less fitted to make the attempt than most. "His object was," he tells us, "to use his powers to make more tangible Jesus Christ's history and teaching. Art," he remarks, "has often illustrated the theme, but it has surrounded it with many enervating fables and perverted the heroic drama with feeble interpretation." He hoped by going to Palestine and studying the very scene in which that drama was played to purge his mind of all the conventional associations that had gathered round it. Even Ruskin "refused to admit that any additional vitality could be gained by designing and painting in Syria with its life and manners before

his eyes." And the result has proved that Ruskin was right. Every one must respect Mr. Holman Hunt for the force of character which made him carry his principles so far; but every one must regret that he should have wasted so much of his great talents upon what is, after all, only a perversion of the principles upon which the best Pre-Raphaelite pictures were based.

But to return to these principles—the Pre-Raphaelites were very far from despising all art except that of the Primitives. Indeed, Mr. Holman Hunt speaks with surprising reverence of artists famous in his youth and almost forgotten now. He admired Raphael and most of the great painters of the past; while Millais, he tells us, was essentially conservative in his nature, and far too good a painter, in those early days, not to appreciate all kinds of excellence. It is pretty clear that the popular artists of the time were afraid of Millais's great talent and of the manner in which it shamed their own plausible evasions. There is no other way of accounting for the brutality of the attacks that were made upon him. Perhaps the most brutal of all came from Dickens, who, knowing nothing of pictures himself, was probably incited to make it by some of the popular painters who were friends of his. Speaking of Millais's beautiful "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop," he said:—

In the foreground of that carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, biubbering, red-haired boy in a night-gown, who appears to have received a poke in the hand from the stick of another boy with whom he has been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness that (supposing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out from the

rest of the company as a monster in the vilest *cabaret* in France, or the lowest gin-shop in England.

Mr. Holman Hunt tells us how the term Pre-Raphaelite first came into being. He and Millais discussed Raphael's "Transfiguration" with other Academy students, and condemned it "for its grandiose disregard of the simplicity of truth, for the pompous posturing of the Apostles, and the unspiritual attitudinizing of the Saviour." It was, they said, a signal step in the decadence of Italian art. "When we had advanced this opinion to other students, they, as a *reductio ad absurdum*, had said, 'Then you are Pre-Raphaelite.' Referring to this as we worked side by side, Millais and I laughingly agreed that the designation must be accepted." The Pre-Raphaelites may seem romantic enough to us now, but they were as hostile to any kind of romanticism which hindered disinterested observation and good workmanship as to the most pedantic classicism.

The danger of the time [says Mr. Hunt] arose from the vigor of the rising taste for Gothic art rather than from the classical form of design,

London Times.

whose power was fast waning. . . . The fashion for feudal forms had grown altogether slavish. . . . To follow ancient precedent line for line had become a religion. To reproduce the English round and pointed styles with the barbarous embellishments wherewith the rudest of ancient masons had often satisfied their patrons was the limit of modern ambition.

It cannot be repeated too emphatically that the Pre-Raphaelites sought no short cuts to excellence. They had a passion for honesty and hard work. They were filled, too, with high ideas, and, though some of these ideas may have been extravagantly applied and expressed, they came nearer to founding an original school of painting than any other set of English painters in the nineteenth century. Mr. Holman Hunt was the first of them, and throughout his long life he has never deserted their faith. He was, therefore, the man of all others best fitted to tell the story of their prime, and this book of his, though we could wish that some passages in it were less bitter, deserves to be read with attention and reverence. We hope that an index will be added to the next edition.

## FORBIDDEN MARRIAGES AND INTERNATIONAL LAW: SOME ANOMALIES.

"It is, of course, well settled," said an English judge in a recent case, "that a marriage may be valid in one country and at the same time void in another." A layman might content himself with the comment that such a state of things was extremely ill-settled. Most people know, to take the most crucial example, that a marriage ceremony with a deceased wife's sister is void in England, but valid in many other countries; but the difficulties that arise from this divergence, especially

as to property and the status of children, are usually considered too technical for any but lawyers. The divergence is perhaps inevitable—it must be so, so long as a union which is good by one Christian law is incest by another, but it is acknowledged that the best adjustment of it is a problem still awaiting solution. The elements of this problem are certainly worth consideration by any one not already plighted or married to a spouse of his or her own nationality. At present, if a

man's marriage is valid in England but void in France, he has merely to cross the Channel to contract a further marriage with another woman if he wishes, the existence of his English wife being then no lawful impediment. It certainly seems desirable that this state of things should be amended; the rollicking sailor with his wife in every port would by most people be looked on as an objectionable anachronism if he emerged from romance and presented himself in a concrete form for their inspection.

Without entering into the questions of extreme intricacy which abound even on minor points of international law, it can be said broadly that in the ordinary case a valid marriage is made by the parties going through the prescribed formalities—which may vary from an elaborate ritual and double ceremony in Southern Europe to the very unexacting requirements of Scotland—and when they have done this in their own country and according to its laws, the union is good throughout Christendom. And manifestly, there could be no alternative; to the many advantages of a circular tourist ticket a decree absolute could not with propriety be added, even in the twentieth century.

The complications arise when the parties are of different nationalities, or, being of the same nationality, insist on marrying abroad. If a native of one country marries a native of another in a third—not an uncommon one—further difficulties are introduced. If, in addition, the marriage is prohibited by the laws of one or two of the countries, but not of the others or other, there results a mix-up of questions beside which the constitution of a Scotch haggis might be thought a comparatively simple affair. Yet such a contingency is by no means impossible; and even that could be dealt with if an international convention could be arranged,

securing uniformity of treatment in such cases by, at least, all the Christian nations of Europe and the United States of America.

Generally speaking, personal capacity to marry will depend on domicile, a thing which in some cases it is difficult to determine by law; for example, a man may spend all his working life and die in a country without being domiciled there, while another during the same period may have enjoyed half a dozen different domiciles. Moreover, each country has its own method of arriving at a conclusion on this point, and it would be quite possible for the tribunals of two countries each to claim the same person on identical facts. The first reform, therefore—and a very useful little reform it would be, in this and also in many other matters—would be to arrange for a uniform method of finding a man's domicile, with a last resort of appeal to an international court, if necessary.

This would clear away a preliminary difficulty, and then the ordinary case would have to be considered when the domicile of each party is indisputable. If it is identical, questions arise only if the ceremony takes place in a foreign country—and for this purpose "foreign" means under a different system of marriage law, so that for English people Scotland, Ireland, Jersey, and France are in this category. In almost every country certain conditions of residence and other formalities are necessary; but usually these present no special obstacles, and the chief difficulties arise in other matters.

That marriages so celebrated must sometimes be considered void by the country of the domicile is clear when the case of the deceased wife's sister is considered; it was long ago held in England that an Englishman and Englishwoman thus connected could not go to a country where such a union was lawful and then come back to live in

England and have their marriage there legally recognized. Such recognition would, of course, make the law nugatory.

If the couple changed their domicile before marriage to Jersey, for example, the marriage might be recognized, even in England, but if they afterwards returned to their native land their status might be difficult to determine.

To avoid the absurdity that a man may be validly married in one country and single in another, it would thus be necessary that, so long as the English law remained unchanged, the marriage of domiciled English people, widower and sister-in-law, should be held void everywhere, even in the land where the ceremony took place; and, indeed, it probably would be so held in any country which respected international comity. By the convention suggested above, such a decision would be obligatory on the tribunals of each signatory nation, and it would be an easy matter to put checks on a double change of domicile made to get the advantages of the native law without its restrictions.

As there must obviously be give-and-take in the matter, English Courts have declared void a marriage celebrated in England between first cousins because they were natives of a country where such marriages were forbidden, and also recognized the marriage of an English lady who became domiciled in Italy and there espoused an Italian, who was her deceased husband's brother—a somewhat neglected character in matrimonial polemics.

In these cases the English Courts gave logical decisions; but some theorists have held that certain prohibitions are prejudices which ought not to be recognized. As examples, it has been said that the marriage in England of a domiciled American negro and white woman ought to be considered valid, though void by the law of their own

State; and also the marriage of monk and nun, whose solemn vows of celibacy, binding them in their own country, Protestant England does not choose to recognize. But thus to discriminate between a reasonable and unreasonable prohibition would again much confuse the matter, and in any international agreement the country of the joint domicile should certainly be the only arbiter on the question of capacity.

The matter of greatest nicety, however, is when bride and bridegroom are of different domicile and the marriage is forbidden by the law of one, and not of the other; and the English Courts have solved the difficulty in a characteristic fashion by the method known as "having it both ways." Thus, because the English law forbade it, the marriage in Germany of a German (domiciled, however, in England) to his brother's widow, a domiciled German lady, was not recognized; but in another case the marriage of first cousins was held valid, though the law of the bride's domicile did not allow it. These two cases can only be reconciled on the principle that the husband's domicile should prevail—a principle on which they were not decided. But it would probably be a convenient one for future usage in the case of international understanding.

In view of the attitude assumed by French jurists, the requirements of each nation as to the consent of parents or guardians ought to be considered when the ceremony takes place elsewhere than in the land of the domicile. These consents are necessary in France in certain cases where the English law dispenses with them, and, by the present French system, a domiciled Frenchman cannot marry anywhere without them; it is now fairly well known that an Englishwoman marrying a young Frenchman in England takes a serious risk. If this requirement cannot be modified, a Frenchman's marriage in

England without observing it should be made an offence of equal gravity with bigamy, and, as between the two nations, within the principles of extradition.

Reform on such lines, if not epoch-making, would evolve order out of chaos and prevent many absurdities. For example, a domiciled English widower might now go to Italy and marry his Italian sister-in-law and return to England and wed his English first cousin in this country, and each marriage might be held valid by the law of the nation where it took place (though, curiously enough, a void marriage was once held valid in England

The Monthly Review.

within the law of bigamy). But such paradoxes cannot be commended, except, perhaps, to novelists and playwrights, who, by adroit discovery of relationships at p. 300 or the end of Act III., may thus provide their heroes both with the tow-haired heroine and her dusky but devoted rival to the satisfaction of everybody concerned—except the stricter sort of moralist. To him, therefore, may be left the problem of having English law put on a consistent footing, and also of inducing other nations to enter into an agreement which shall abolish for ever such unseemly possibilities.

Alfred Fellows.

## THE FINAL STAVE OF "A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

(With profound apologies to the Genius of Charles Dickens.)

### STAVE FIVE

*Scrooge* was certainly under the impression, on going to bed after returning from that wonderful Christmas party at his nephew's, that he would not be required to have any further intercourse with Spirits, and would live henceforth on the Total Abstinence Principle.

But in this he was mistaken. There was no doubt about that. For barely, or so it seemed to him, had he laid his head on his pillow, when the curtains of his bed were once more drawn aside by a spectral hand.

However, on this occasion, he felt no solemn dread. Not a bit of it! On the contrary, he skipped out of bed as lively as a sandboy—or rather several dozen sandboys, every one of them endowed with preternatural agility.

"I know what *you're* here for," he chuckled. "Come to take me out to some *more* Christmas Parties, eh? All

right, *I'm* ready for you. I feel equal to facing any number of them *now!*"

"I am the Ghost of Christmas more than sixty years to come," announced the Spirit in sepulchral tones.

"My *dear* Sir," said *Scrooge* heartily, "delighted to see you—delighted! Thank'ee. Let us be off at once. Do we go out of the window, or through the wall, this time? Whichever it is, Spirit, lead on, and I shall be most happy to follow you anywhere you like!"

"Touch my robe!"

*Scrooge* did as he was told, and held it fast. The city had entirely vanished; they stood upon an open country road, before some tall wrought-iron gates, flanked by pillars, upon which a pair of heraldic griffins ramped—but amiably, as if even their stone hearts were softened somewhat by the influ-

ence of the Season. Through these gates they passed, and up a stately avenue to the portico of a noble mansion.

"One of the country seats of Lord *Bredanbourne*," the Ghost explained.

"But why bring me to such a place, Spirit?" asked *Scrooge*, feeling slightly puzzled. "For really I can't recollect ever to have heard of his lordship."

"Have you so soon forgotten your fellow 'prentice, *Dick Wilkins*?" inquired the Spirit. "He married, as you are doubtless aware, the eldest Miss *Fezziwig*, and died Sir *Richard Wilkins*, having been knighted during his Lord Mayoralty by His Gracious Majesty, King *William the Fourth*."

"So he was," cried *Scrooge*, "Bless his heart! So he was! Dear, dear! And yet, even now, I don't quite —"

"His son, *Gabriel*," pursued the Phantom (who, by the way, was less reserved than any of its forerunners) "developed the warehousing connection of the firm of *Fezziwig & Wilkins* to such a prodigious extent that he eventually became a Baronet. The second Baronet, Sir *Peveril*, in return for important services rendered to his party, was raised to the Peerage under the title of Baron *Bredanbourne*."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed *Scrooge*, rather impressed, "what services, Spirit?"

But the Phantom answered not. It is very possible that it did not know.

"The Lord *Bredanbourne* of the period we are now in," it continued, "does nothing whatever but enjoy himself. He is at this particular moment entertaining a houseful of the smartest people in London for Christmas week."

"Is he, though?" cried *Scrooge*, rubbing his hands with the delight of a boy. "What a feast he must be giving them, eh, Spirit? What a capital Turkey! What a wonderful Pudding! What bowls of seething Bishop! What

pyramids of oranges and piles of chest-nuts! Do let us go inside and look on, Spirit! Just for an hour or so!"

"I fancy they will have finished feasting by this time," said the Spirit. "We shall probably find them all in the Long Drawing-room, playing——"

"'Forfeits,' I'll be bound!" said *Scrooge*, eagerly. "Oh, I must go in, and see the fun! Make haste, Spirit, make haste! Hallo here! Whoop!"

Unseen by any there, they entered that lofty and splendid room—but scarce had they done so, ere *Scrooge's* heart grew strangely chill within him.

The walls were decked with Christmas here and there, but yet resounded to no echoing ring of joyous Christmas laughter. *Scrooge* noted next that all these guests who sat, in groups of four, at little tables were so deep engrossed in studying the cards that fell—in such a solemn silence, too!—that they were blind and deaf to aught besides, unheeding holly—aye, and mistletoe! From time to time a hollow voice would cry, "I leave it!" Or one would quit his seat and wander round, like some uneasy soul that finds no rest, and then return, as powerless to resist the spell for long! Young girls there were, who, risking stakes that they could ill afford, doubled "No trumps," and paled as *Dummy's* hand, displayed, revealed the guarded King that doomed them to inevitable disaster!

"I suppose, Spirit," said *Scrooge*, "they'll have in the fiddles and begin to enjoy themselves presently, eh? They can't keep up this sort of thing much longer! can they?"

"They are enjoying themselves," replied the Phantom. "And they will keep it up till one or two in the morning, at least."

"Then I don't wish to see any more," said *Scrooge*. "Remove me, Spirit. Let me see my dear nephew's descendants keeping up this Festival in

the time-honored fashion with 'How, when, and where,' and 'Blind-man's buff.'"

Back to the town the Spirit led him next, and to a fine house in a terrace hard by the spot where Tyburn Tree once bore its ghastly fruit. There might have been a dozen people, old and young, in the solidly furnished drawing-room *Scrooge* and the Spirit visited next—but not one among them all was engaged in blind's-man buff! He saw the same small tables, with similar unsmiling parties of four seated at each—the very silence might have been the same! In one group *Scrooge* particularly noticed a grim hatchet-faced elderly gentleman who somehow rather reminded him of his former self. "Your great-nephew, Mr. Justice *Merryweather*," explained the Phantom; "he is more learned, though perhaps slightly less genial, than his Early-Victorian father. That pallid young gentleman whose play he is just criticizing with such refreshing candor is his great-nephew by marriage, young *Topper*, who has lately been called to the Bar, and has a case—his first brief—coming on in his relative's court early next Hilary term. He has just remembered that circumstance."

"Spirit, show me no more!" entreated *Scrooge*, "I cannot bear it. In mercy's name take me from this hideous travesty of Christmas cheer to some humbler home, where all the dear old customs are not quite forgot! Let us drop in upon the descendants of my worthy clerk, *Bob Cratchit*! For I tell you plainly, unless I smell roast goose and hot punch, and hear a toast proposed, if not a song, within the next few minutes, I have a feeling that I might relapse into the man that I was wont to be!"

The Phantom inclined its head . . . Their way led them past a row of spacious shops, above which *Scrooge* could read, in bold and glittering letters, the

words, "Cratchit's Cash Stores, Limited."

"Yes," remarked the Spirit airily, "the *Cratchits* have got on, too. The business is vastly improved since old *Peter Cratchit* first founded it in the early sixties. . . . No, the present people don't live over the shop; they occupy a villa residence called 'Chatsworth,' in a new but highly select suburb, where they are known as the '*De Orespigny-Cratchits*.'"

To this suburb they repaired. But, as *Scrooge* passed through the stained-glass portal, his nostrils were not greeted by the savor for which he hungered, Mrs. *De Orespigny-Cratchit* being much too refined a woman to allow a roast goose to appear at her table, whether with or without such ungenteel appurtenances as sage and onions.

The party he found in the "Art" Drawing-room to the right of the hall were all in the most correct evening costume, and far too fashionable to be festive. They passed no punch around, proposed no toasts, nor sang a single song. On the contrary, they were engaged in precisely the same occupation as were the two parties at which *Scrooge* had previously assisted.

"Spirit, I can't stand it!" cried *Scrooge*. "In Heaven's name, *what* is this fell pursuit that, in the space of sixty-odd short years, will banish harmless mirth and jollity from every hearth alike?" . . . "They will call it 'Bridge,'" the Spirit answered.

"Ghost of the Future," cried *Scrooge*, quite agonized, "I fear you more than any Spectre I have seen! You seem to delight to torture me! If there is any respectable home in the town on which this fearful blight has not yet fallen, show that home to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

"I cannot do so," was the Phantom's sorrowful reply, "for I know of none!"

"Then, for the love of Pity," *Scrooge*

implored it, "conduct me back to bed—and let me wake, to feel all this is but a dreadful dream!"

This time his prayer was granted. . . . He positively frisked out of bed next morning. "Why, bless me, it's Boxing Day!" he shouted. "What ri-

Punch.

dulous nonsense I've been dreaming! Christmas blighted, indeed! And by a thing called 'Bridge,' too! Pooh!! Stuff!!! That punch at my nephew's last night must have been stronger than I fancied!"

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Usually political excitement is bad for the publishers, but, in spite of the pending campaign, the season just closed was a prosperous one for the London publishing houses. The demand for books increased. One of the most interesting features of the season was the absence of any such "boom" for special books as marked the season of 1904.

A statue of Charles Kingsley has been completed, and will shortly be set up at "the little white town" of Bideford which "all who have travelled through the delicious scenery of North Devon must needs know." It was here, in the drawing-room of the Royal Hotel, with its walls of panelled oak and its fine ceiling adorned with foliage and cherubs, snakes and birds, that Kingsley wrote "Westward Ho!" He went to Bideford in 1854, and resided there some time owing to the ill-health of his wife.

Apropos of the distinction recently bestowed upon Sienkiewicz, in the award of the Nobel prize for literature, The Academy remarks that the novelist in spite of his immense sales, is not, for a popular author, a rich man. The Russian Empire has not yet adhered to the Berne Convention, and Polish copy-

rights can therefore be violated with impunity. The country seat, moreover, which his admiring compatriots lately presented to him in the neighborhood of Warsaw, is no source of income, but, on the contrary, costs him a great deal to keep up.

The supplement to their facsimile reproduction of the Shakespeare First Folio, which the delegates of the Clarendon Press published last month, consists of facsimile productions, in quarto form, of the earliest editions of that portion of Shakespeare's work which had no place in the First Folio: *Pericles*, and the volumes of poems—"Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece," and "The Passionate Pilgrim." To each of the volumes Mr. Sidney Lee furnishes an elaborate introduction embodying the latest results of his researches into the literary history and bibliography of the works. The investigations cover a wide field.

Mr. John Masefield, author of much spirited sea verse, is to write a work on the New England pirates, from Teach to Avery and the pirates of Madagascar and the Bight of Benin. Among the pirates treated of will be Bartholomew Roberts, Capt. Misson, Capt. Tew, and female pirate Anne Bonny, Capt. Kidd,

and indeed the whole fellowship of ruffians, known to English readers through Capt. Johnston's entertaining but almost inaccessible work of the early eighteenth century.

Readers of *The Living Age*, who followed the charming story of "Peter's Mother" from week to week with growing interest, will be both amused and amazed at the following notice of the story, which appears in one of the most widely circulated of American religious papers:

One interesting thing about English fiction is the fact that more middle-aged women figure as heroines in it than in the fiction of any other country. In order to be the star character in one of these novels, one should be married, stupid, and disposed to be gray-headed. *Peter's Mother* is an illustration to the point. And the author has resorted to that artifice for interesting her readers so common among novelists—that of hemming first one character in the story and then another between the two horns of some dilemma in morality so that, whichever way she chooses, she will commit a sin. To make good people do wrong is becoming the finest test we have these days of dramatic talent.

The traditional hasty reviewer gets no farther than the preface: in this instance, in the absence of a preface, he seems to have got no farther than the title, and, inferring therefrom a middle-aged heroine, to have evolved the rest of the story from his inner consciousness.

The Macmillan Company publishes two slender volumes of verse: "Alcestis and Other Poems," by Sara King Willy, and "The City," by Arthur Upson. The title poem in each is in the dramatic form, cast after the classical

models. But in each there are shorter lyrical bits, of considerable charm. Here is the "Envoy" to the "Alcestis":

Lightly I cast my wildflowers on the sea  
While the slow surges swelling turn  
and break  
And sinking suck them down to depths  
unknown,  
Unnoted specks in the tremendous  
gulf.  
Some waif, afloat at chance of wind  
and wave,  
May Time, that old and crabbéd  
mariner  
With cold slow fingers thrust uncer-  
tainly  
Draw out, and weave within the  
coronal  
That binds Athene's bright immortal  
brows.

And here is one of the group of sonnets with which Mr. Upson's volume closes:

They bear no laurels on their sunless  
brows,  
Nor aught within their pale hands as  
they go;  
They look as men accustomed to the  
slow  
And level onward course 'neath droop-  
ing boughs.  
Who may these be no trumpet doth  
arouse,  
These of the dark processions of  
woe,  
Upraised, unblamed, but whom sad  
Acheron's flow  
Monotonously lulls to leaden drowse?  
These are the Failures. Clutched by  
circumstance,  
They were—say not too weak!—too  
ready prey  
To their own fear, whose fixèd gorgon  
glance  
Made them as stone for aught of  
great essay;—  
Or else they nodded when their Mas-  
ter-Chance  
Wound his one signal, and went on  
his way.